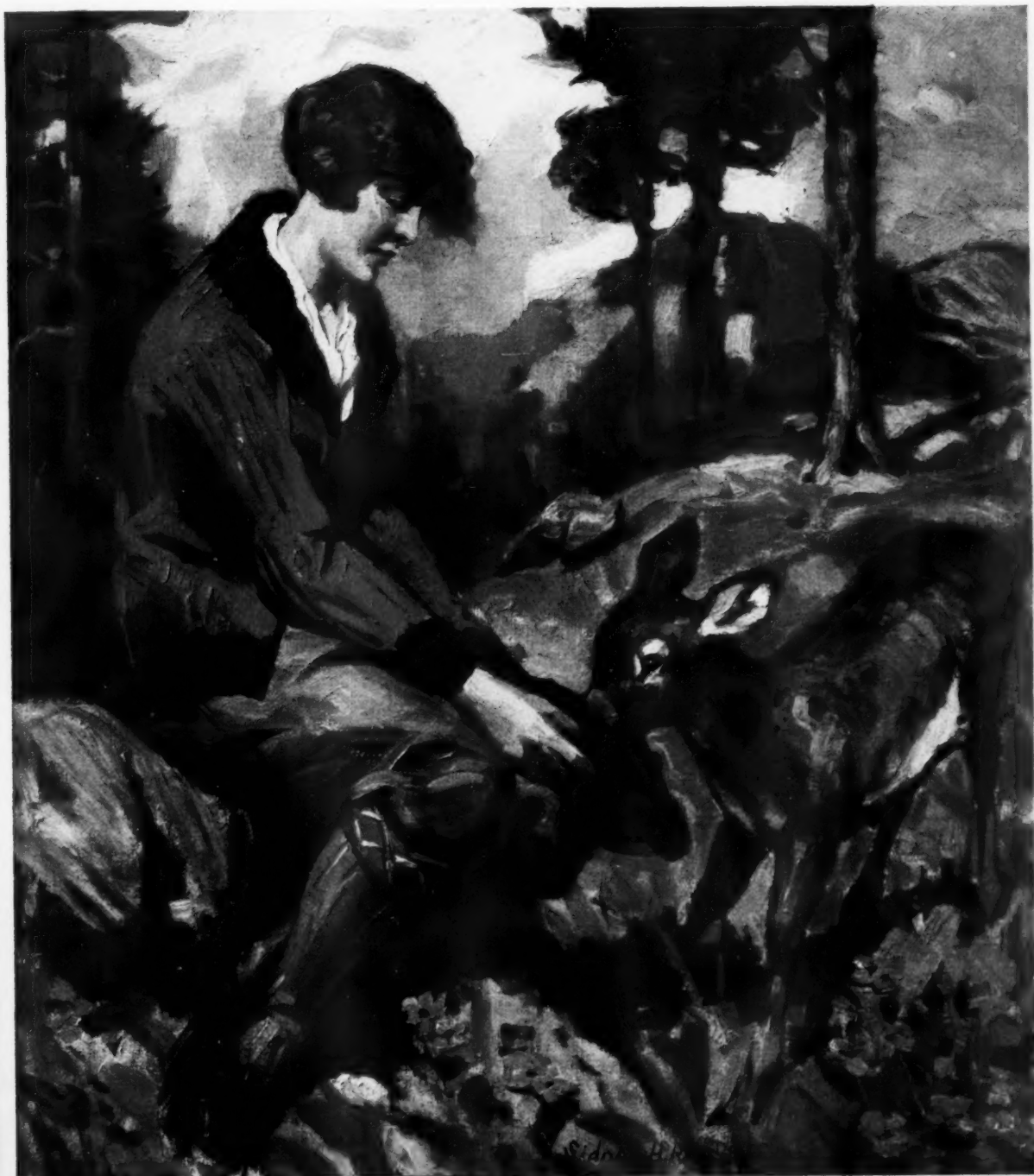


The American Girl

15 cents a copy

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

\$1.50 a year



Kenneth Payson Kempton ♦ Margaret Warde ♦ Augusta Huiell Seaman
Alida Sims Malkus ♦ Margaret Adelaide Wilson ♦ Virginia Moore

APRIL

1926



In May just when every day was rushing nearer to graduation Phoebe's college money suddenly gave out—just like that, it was gone. But Phoebe and her chum were resourceful girls. They planted a clever idea, and tended it care-

fully, and before summer was well under way it had burst into bloom, into a whole garden full of blooms in fact—a baby garden. And what has that to do with Phoebe's going to college, you ask? A great deal, as you will find. "Phoebe's Baby Garden" in May tells and it may have a suggestion for your own going-to-college fund.

Nor is that the only plan our May number offers to help swell your going-to-college fund or make possible some longed-for project. You will find a dozen more in "A Dozen Keys to Money-making."



Cullings from Our Own May Garden

Constance Lindsay Skinner's Becky

Of course, you love Becky—how many of you have written in to say so, you can't think. And indeed, why not—gay, plucky Becky, who took her place at the head of the family in Daniel Boone's perilous encampment in old Kentucky.

It was the thought of Rodney that was at the beginning of this new adventure of Becky's; Rodney who had been captured by the Indians. Had he been taken up the Illinois country? Had something more terrible befallen him? If she could only go after him—this was Becky's thought as she went through the winter woods to her traps. But she stopped to fight a wolf for big game—game bigger than any she had before encountered, craftier, and more cruel.

Chub's Old Doodle-Do

There was a breathless instant as the tawny old lynx—big and powerful and crafty—slid silently out of the forest shadow into the sunlit yard where Chub played with "Old Doodle-Do." This was the paralyzing sight that met Mabel's eyes. No help was near, her father was at the fire-tower at the top of the mountain.

Irving Crump, who tells this throat-tightening story, knows the perils that lie in the deep woods, and the steady nerves and quick thinking that must combat them.

Matching Wits with Mystery

"I've got it, I've got it," Mariette cries in the May installment of Augusta Huiell Seaman's alluring mystery tale. How many of you already have clues to solve the code? Mariette and Dorita and Dick are in a very whirlwind of excited speculation—Did the stranger leave the farmhouse of his own accord, or was he kidnapped? Where did the big car come from—where did it go? Then suddenly before a friendly fireplace the girls find themselves on the tremulous edge of the solution!—All this next month when our story reaches the peak of its interest.

Our May magazine, too, is full of ideas that have blossomed—your ideas, many of them, about what you want in the magazine—stories, handicraft, pictures, and you may pick as many as you like.



Kate of the Jungle Cats

"The Jungle Cats" they called the roistering, howling fire fighters of Hook and Ladder Company 59; and Kate of the Jungle Cats they called the chief's daughter. Her father had been a hero, who in spite of a lame knee, had led his band up risky ladders, over hot and swaying walls. He was a quiet, efficient hero who did not falter, and who kept his head. A hero's daughter had much to live up to—and Kate wondered, if she were face to face with danger, whether she would come through. And then she was face to face with danger, with no time for argument. Clarice Detzer tells the story—as spirited and adventurous a tale as you have ever held your breath over.

"When I was a Girl—"

Our own Dean Arnold, the President of the Girl Scouts, tells of her girlhood. Some of us have listened in interested silence while she made speeches from a platform, and some of us have edged up for a shy handshake, shy for us, but warm and cordial from her; and all of us have seen pictures of her in the newspapers and magazines and on the pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

What was the girlhood of this first lady of the Girl Scouts? What was she doing and thinking about when she was growing up in New England? We'll whisper that it is a real Girl Scout Girlhood she writes of next month; but for the telling of it—you will not want to miss a single word of her own inimitable story.

It was Dean Arnold, too, who suggested our May cover.

Prizes for Your Favorite Receipt

"Oh, Alice, you do make the best hermits!" How many times have you blushed with pleasure when someone told you that. Or, perhaps you can mix a salad dressing that your mother's club always calls for, or a custard that never separates. Wouldn't you like to win a prize with them? And learn some of the prize receipts of other girls at the same time? And have Mrs. Christine Frederick, who knows more about cooking than almost anyone, try them out and tell why they are good? Be practising on your special good things—and watch for the prize announcement in May.

How They Make the Crew at Wellesley

"It's an excruciating honor to be on the crew," they say at Wellesley. And the story of making crew—the straight backs and high-hearted endeavor of the girls who man the oars of the racing shells—is one of the most fascinating of this absorbing series on college athletics. Those of you who have thrilled over the Vassar basketball team and the Hollins Monogram Club will want this story of the Wellesley crew.

The Detzers, authors of a thrilling new serial



Clarice Detzer

With a portable typewriter on one end of a long table and another typewriter at the other end of the same table, the stage is set for a story by the Detzers. "Mrs. Detzer and I work together," Mr. Detzer said as he settled himself in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* office.

"How do you write such thrilling fire department stories?" Helen Ferris asked.

"That's because I like firemen. My first memory was of a fire. I was only eighteen months old when my father held me up to

the window to watch a schoolhouse burning down across the street. Then when I went on a Chicago newspaper I had fire assignments and the firemen became my friends. Every week end from Saturday until Monday I lived at a fire house. There were two companies I liked especially—Engine Company No. 27, and Squad One, a rescue crew. Those were brave men." Mr. Detzer was made an honorary member of the Chicago Fire Department.



Karl Detzer



THE WAY IN SCOUTVILLE

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store—where a special department awaits you.

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WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

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Whenever you need a knife, you need a good one. And to a Girl Scout that means her own official knife.

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for Scout Apparel
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A Special Section, devoted to
Girl and Boy Scout Equip-
ment, is located on the Third
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This big, bright, beautiful
store is official headquar-
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Dayton's specializes in
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Patronize the equipment agent in your town

Spring!! What better time to renew Winter-worn Middies?



"The sloped sides make it fit"



WHEN all Nature is renewing itself with new green grass covering old Mother Earth dogwood bushes a mass of white blossoms . . . Rhododendrons and laurels soon to make the woods glorious beds of pink what better time to think of replacing those old middies with crisp white new ones? And what better middies are there for the American schoolgirls than those trim, smartly tailored Man O'War Middies with the little green battleship on the label?

Schoolgirls like the Man O'War Middy because it was designed by people who understand their wants. For instance, it is made with cleverly sloped sides so that it fits flatly over the hips—and that gives it **STYLE!!** It is a well-tailored garment, with a convenient tie loop and a handy pocket. It is a quality garment, that looks it. Compare it to any other middy and you will see that it has real distinction. "A middy like that must cost a lot of money" you will say. Well, here's the glad news. The Man O'War can be sold for as low as \$1.50 up. That's the plain white one that schoolgirls favor for gym and classroom wear. It is known to the stores as Man O'War A-11. Ask for it by its proper name and number so as to be sure of getting the original.

If your dealer does not stock the Man O'War Middy yet, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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Originators of the Sloped Side Middy
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This label is a guarantee of quality—Look for it.

EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL, CAMP AND GYM



OF all the work on our magazine, planning each issue with your help is, I think, the most interesting. Wouldn't you like to know just how I do it? This is how: We are all truly excited about our May issue because it will be the largest issue which THE AMERICAN GIRL has ever had. More stories—more everything—in honor of our convention in St. Louis, April twenty-first to twenty-fourth.

First of all, I make a "dummy." A "dummy" is a miniature magazine, of blank paper, containing the exact number of pages we plan to have in the May issue. I count the pages—pin it all together with a pin—and am ready to begin.

The cover first, of course. As you already know, our President, Sarah Louise Arnold, suggested our plan for having our covers represent girls who live in various parts of our own country. Our Mountain Girl this month is the first of them. For May, then—our Girl of the Sea. So I write on the cover of my dummy, "Girl of the Sea," and go on to page five. (Mr. Henry always fills the advertising pages for us, you see! And Mr. Chew plans our Announcement Page on the inside front cover.)

Page five—The Editor's Trail. Every May we have an AMERICAN GIRL Convention, on this spot! Last year, parents and relatives and girls attended our Convention, saying what they thought of the magazine—through letters, of course. This year, we shall have an entirely different kind. Coming—next month!

Now for our poem. This is one of my own favorite pages, because I so love poetry—and sometimes, when I am off by myself, I even write it! With our sea cover, it seems to me—and to Camille

Along the Editor's Trail

Davied, too, our new Managing Editor—that you will especially like a sea poem. So I write that on page six.

(Yes, Alice Waller, who was our Managing Editor, is now an Editor-in-Chief, herself, of a magazine called *The Independent Woman*. Every day since she left THE AMERICAN GIRL we have been sending her our best wishes. And she says to tell you that she will always be one of our magazine's most admiring friends.)

And our May stories! Before I select the stories, I lean back in my chair and think of your letters to me and your votes in our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest. Over and over again, you have voted for mystery stories, I remember, especially for those by Augusta Huiell Seaman. "Yes," I say to myself, "the girls will be glad that Mrs. Seaman's mystery serial will continue in May, ever more mysterious."

Next, I remember that adventure stories are your second choice. So I turn to the stories on hand. Ah! The very one! A Fire Department story by Clarice Detzer, who is rapidly becoming one of our most popular writers. *Kate of the Jungle Cats*, the Jungle Cats being her father's Fire Battalion! Does Kate know how to fight fire, too? There the adventure comes in. So I write in the dummy—"Start with Kate."

I wrinkle my forehead—what shall come after Kate? Something different, yet something you will like equally well. I have it! Here is a thrilling animal story by Irving Crump, *Chub's Old Doodle Do*. You have told me you like to read your brothers' magazines—then

you already know Irving Crump and his breathlessly exciting stories. Besides, and

here is good news indeed, none other than the famous Charles Livingston Bull has illustrated this story. Mr. Bull lives next door to Mr. Crump and they are going to do stories together for us.

Again my forehead is all furrows. What to come next—what that is different from Kate and Chub! Again I smile. For here is a story written by Sarah Louise Arnold, our beloved President. *When I was a Girl*—her own story—what could be more fascinating? We couldn't possibly have a big Convention issue without this! Yes, she really was born near Plymouth Rock, she really did win first place in a Spelling Bee, and lots else, told in her own charming manner.

"Now what next?" I ask, looking at my dummy, which is rapidly becoming filled. Oh, yes—our athletic stories by college girl athletes are already one of our most popular features. But *which* college, *which* story? I shout out loud to Camille Davied with my next idea. To be sure! With our Sea cover and our Sea poem—the Wellesley Crew!

And just here my eye lights on some illustrations which have been standing on my desk, admired by all my visitors. They are the pictures of Becky, the girl of pioneer Kentucky whom you already know. "Come on into the dummy, Becky!" I say.

"Quick, little dummy! Flip, flap the pages—scratch my pen—in go these many pages! And there you go to Camille Davied, who will plan all the pictures and see that the printer really does make this big May issue for you. Here, Camille Davied—here is the May dummy!"

And that is the way you and I plan an issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

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CAMILLE DAVIED, Managing Editor

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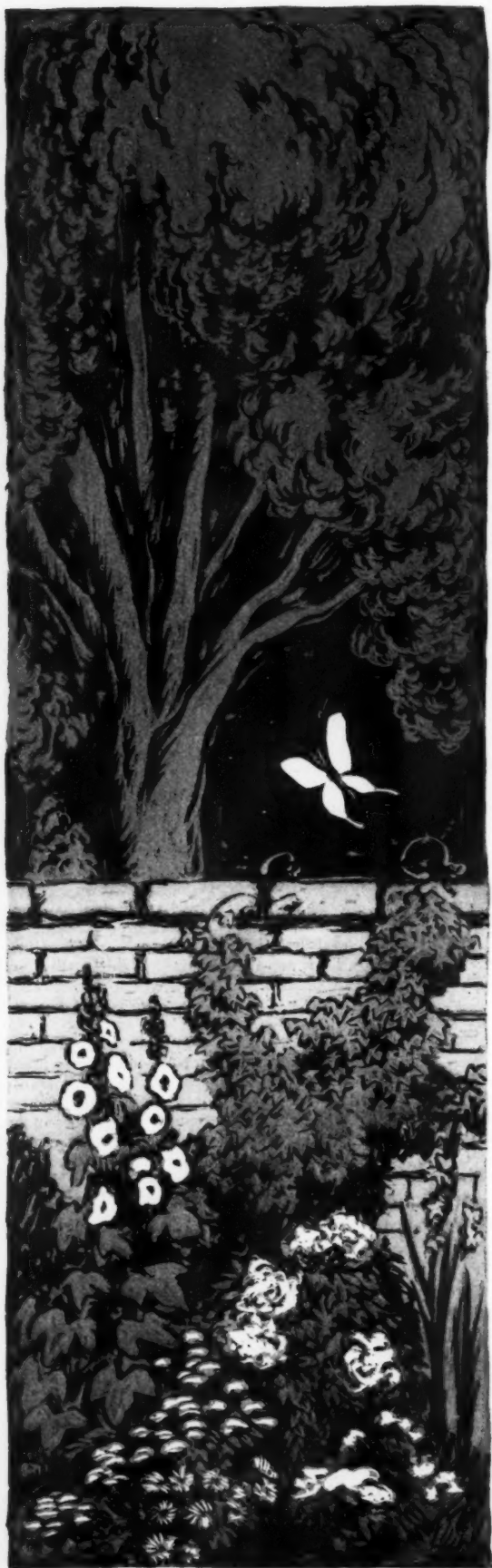
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A Yellow Pansy

By HELEN GRAY CONE



To the wall of the old green
garden

A butterfly quivering came;
His wings on the sombre lichens
Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gray geraniums,
And the sleepy four-o'clocks;
He looked at the low lanes bordered
With the glossy-growing box.

He longed for the peace and the
silence,
And the shadows that lengthened
there,
And his wee wild heart was weary
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden—
I know not how it came—
A single pansy is blooming,
Bright as a yellow flame.

And whenever a gay gust passes,
It quivers as if with pain,
For the butterfly-soul that is in it
Longs for the winds again!

From A Chant of Love for England

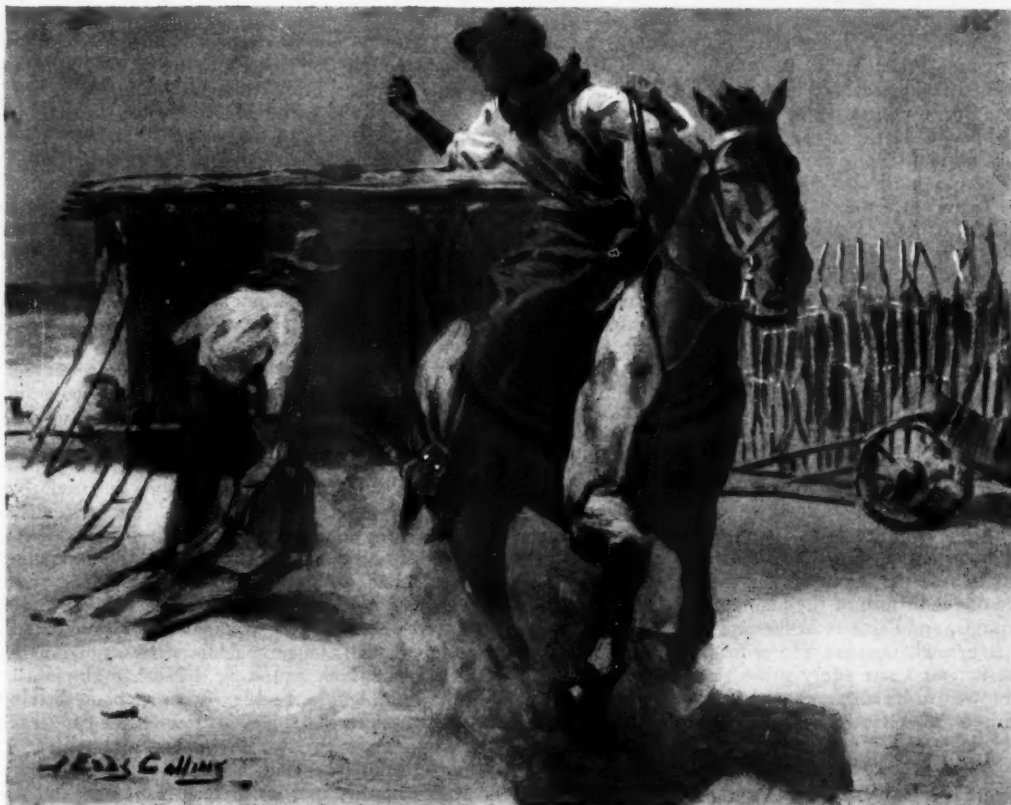
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, *Editor*

April, 1926



"Father, the little hatchet. Quick, that man's going to stake a claim!" Her words were lost in the clatter of Pinto's hoofs as they struck sparks in his flight

The Rain God's Revenge

IT SAT on the window-sill where the hot desert winds blew over it, a squat little figure with a diminutive water jar clutched between its knees.

"That's a poor excuse for a Rain God," Nita would say, looking at the little image which had been made and presented to her mother by an old Pueblo Indian. "I don't say it's his fault, but nothing could have brought us worse luck, mother, even if there weren't a curse on breaking him. Dad hasn't struck gold, we can't raise a crop, and not even a drop of dew has fallen since March. Look at the garden!"

Mrs. Merriweather threw her apron over her face to

Annihilation would come if the Rain God were broken, Koo-Nah said, but the ugly little image smiled behind its bland features

By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS

Illustrations by Eads Collins

stronger every day now. What do you s'pose he's doing this minute? Up the canyon looking for gold at the place where old Koo-Nah got the clay for the Rain God. Mummy, he says there's gold in the Rain God," Nita laughed outright, "that that mica sparkling on him is free gold, and that it was certainly washed down from somewhere into the bottom of the arroyo where Koo-Nah got the clay to make the god. When Mr. Kenyon was here last week

hide the only moisture in a desert land. Nita's feet flew to her mother's side, her arms flew around her mother's neck. "Mumsy, now, Mumsy, don't, dear! What do we care as long as Daddy is well here, and is getting his health back! He's

he wanted to take the Rain God into town and smash it and have it assayed. But father wouldn't let him. Then Kenyon wanted to know where it came from—he was very curious; he tried to find out from me, but I don't like him and wouldn't tell him a thing."

Her mother sighed patiently. "Well, I only wish it were so, dear. It isn't that your father and I mind it, but we hate to keep you away out here at the foot of a mountain. I'd like to have you go back to town to school for just one more year."

Nita shrugged with a careless air that did not deceive her mother. "Why, look at the fun I've had prowling over these mountains, mother. I know nearly every inch of them. And I'll see a lot of girls this summer. I forgot to tell you that I'm going to be guide for the Girl Scout encampment next week. They were looking over the land at the Springs on the other side when I rode over yesterday. They're going to pay me ten dollars a week; that'll buy us each a few things to wear."

It had been a hard struggle for the Merriweathers, the past three years since they had had to leave the East with what little a winter of pneumonia had left Mr. Merriweather. They had given up the pretty Colonial house for a homestead and a tent-house on the desert's edge, a mountain at their backs, and a dry arroyo before their door.

True, it was a grand mountain and a glorious desert, stretching away in golden light, dotted with green sage. But it had been hot, dusty, and cruel too. Money had dwindled and dwindled until now there wasn't enough for anything outside of food—and they were being mighty careful of that.

Nita had descended to her last presentable frock, and was living in her riding clothes—the khaki breeches for every day, and the "spiffy flannel ones when I want to make an impression," she confided to her mother. "But then, who's poor when she has a pinto like Pancho to ride, and such mountains to ride in?"

In spite of the drouth of the plains it was cool enough in the mountains, and Nita rode far and wide every day, up to sheer ridges where wind like wine blew intoxicatingly. She loved it, and knew every great trail, every pass (but one, as she was to learn later) and every spot where there might be a drop of water. She grew strong and supple, with an enviable endurance. Her skin was the unmatched velvet bloom of perfect health, sunkissed and satin-tanned, from which vivid blue eyes shone startlingly, beneath a bobbed head of wavy russet hair.

Nita had appeared one dewy morning like a young Diana,

descending a difficult trail that led into the encampment clearing, just as the Girl Scout Captain was needing some directions, and it was not long before she had been engaged to act as guide for the girls during their vacation. Nita was delighted with the opportunity for three good reasons. It would give her a chance to be with girls of her own age again, it would pay her a little money, and—she loved doing it just for the fun of pursuing her two favorite outdoor sports—riding and "prospecting."

Mr. Merriweather had been fascinated by the dumps of an abandoned mine where a disillusioned mining company had bored in several places for gold. There was an old tradition that gold was to be found in the Sagrado Mountains. But no one had found it in great enough quantities to pay, though the glitter of "fool's gold" gleamed tantalizingly in every tiny waterway coursing down into the great canyon above the Merriweather homestead.

It was at the end of this canyon that Mr. James Kenyon had built his mountain lodge, at the very foot of a precipice, and on land to which he had never legally acquired a right, being a gentleman who did not believe in paying for a thing until he had to. This land now legally belonged to Mr. Merriweather, as it was included in his homestead boundaries.

Mr. Kenyon had become a frequent visitor at the Merriweather place during the past few months. Recently he had made an offer to Mr. Merriweather for his homestead rights. Foolish as it seemed in the face of ready cash, Nita's father had refused and continued to refuse to sell his place. He had the feeling that if it was worth anything to Kenyon it was worth more to him. Still, Kenyon had never taken the trouble to buy the land on which he built his lodge; and, furthermore, it was rumored that he had never paid the Indians whom he had persuaded to build the lodge for him.

Hidden away in the interior of the mountains was a dying Indian village, where there remained standing not more than half a dozen inhabited houses, and only old and withered souls, the younger generations having moved away to livelier, bigger pueblos. It was from this pueblo that old Koo-Nah had come. He had stopped in a state of exhaustion before the Merriweather house, having walked all the way into the American town some fifteen miles from the mountain, spent two days there, and returned, without a morsel of food passing his lips.

Nita's mother had given Koo-Nah food and drink, and although they had so little, she had shared her sack of corn flour with him. The old man returned after that and

always found welcome, for there was something ingratiating in his toothless smile, and he had made Nita a magnificent ring from a silver quarter that she gave him.

Koo-Nah had observed the planting of the kitchen garden, and apparently with equal passivity had watched it sprout and shrivel under the heat and drouth. One day, however, he brought with him the little image of the Rain God, and



He brought with him the little image of the Rain God

by signs and a larger assortment of words and inflections than they had guessed he was master of, informed them that without a doubt the Rain God would bring rain, "much, much water, much rain," but that if it were treated disrespectfully, or broken, "much bad would come." Annihilation, no less, to judge from Koo-Nah's actions. Mr. Merriweather had himself secretly wanted very much to break an arm from the image and assay it for gold and silver. But of that Mrs. Merriweather simply would not hear.

So the Rain God sat on the window-sill and contemplated the faultless blue sky through half-closed, cryptic lids—and nothing happened. The drought continued, and the garden which was to have provided for the Merriweathers' winter cupboard grew very sickly indeed, though every evening after sundown the entire family got out and coaxed tiny trickles of water, carried in buckets from the canyon, down diminutive ditches to every row of corn and potatoes. It was just enough to moisten their thirsty roots through the night and nurse them along through the dazzling heat of the day.

By day Nita hunted mines, a harmless pastime. The shelf above the book-case in the adobe sitting-room was filled with specimens of ore. Mr. Merriweather had had a number assayed in town, and one of them had run tantalizingly high in silver—at least two hundred ounces to the ton, so the assayer's office reported. But it had been a loose pebble picked up in the stream-bed of the canyon. It was white, silver-bearing quartz, but neither Nita or her father had been able to find an outcropping of white quartz of any kind.

Tradition had it that when the Spanish conquerors had first come up into this part of the Southwest the natives of the pueblos about these mountains wore rich silver and gold ornaments, which they wrought themselves from ore mined in these very mountains. There had been one large and wealthy pueblo which the Spaniards had almost entirely destroyed in their mad search for the precious metals. But they did not find the gold and silver they sought, and the secret of the mines, if there ever had been any, had vanished with the survivors of the pueblo.

The ruins of this ancient city, for it had been far more than a mere village, still crowned a high bluff overlooking the prehistoric and long since dry river-bed on the far side of the Sagrados. Nita had ridden over there many times and had explored the crumbling wall, poking between the stones, tracing strange pictographs in still bright colors on the smooth surfaces that remained. "Lots stranger than a cross-word puzzle, and much harder to get," Nita mumbled as she tried to figure out what they meant.

On the inside of a semi-circular wall which must have been a part of the Kiva, there was a procession of extraordinary looking goats. Nita decided they were goats because of the horns. It was on one of these hunts that she came across three silver beads still strung upon a bit of silver wire. Soft and shining, untarnished by time or the elements, the old silver gleamed in Nita's hand, "right off some young Pueblo girl's copper throat," she breathed, half in awe.

That settled it. As far as Rita was concerned there was silver in the mountains, if not gold, and what was not really much more than a hobby with Mr. Merriweather became a serious business with Nita. When the girls' encampment opened she was right on the spot and helped them get in shape for the night, but on her way back over the trail she turned aside to do a little of the exploring that had called to her for a long time.

At the end of the Box Canyon, at the mouth of which lay their homestead, was Jim Kenyon's mountain lodge. Broad and low, with many rambling rooms, red-tiled and built of the living stone of the mountain, the vacant structure was a beautiful thing, a very part of the landscape.

Her eyes followed the faint trail of the mountain goats



At its back a pillar of sheer rock so close that you could reach out a hand and touch it from the bedroom windows, rose for a thousand feet or more.

The whole face of the mountain walls that closed in Box Canyon appeared from below like a smooth unbroken precipice; but one day Nita had seen mountain goats wending their way across the face of the cliff, then, bounding suddenly up, disappear as if into thin air.

Where had they gone to, and how did they get up there? The faint line of green midway of the mountainside was shrubbery, of course, growing on a ledge wide enough for a mountain goat. Then it was wide enough for her! It was up the Box Canyon that Nita turned now. Her eyes followed the ridge down along to the only logical terminal, a high hog's back that had several trails of ascent. Although the sun was already dropping behind the peaks and the bottom of the canyon was in an early twilight, Nita pushed Pinto up the nearest way and fifteen minutes later was panting on the crest. Before her lay the goat trail.

It was half an hour afterward that she returned to the spot where she had staked Pinto. None but an experienced mountain rider would have known what trail to follow downward in that fading light. But Nita went swiftly and surely, Pinto's dainty little hoofs being mincingly and carefully planted, till, the foot of the trail reached, he threw up his head with a snort and was off like lightning. Neither horse nor rider was conscious of the fixed gaze of a pair of field binoculars that from the stone lodge at the foot of the cliff followed their progress down the trail. The mile home was made almost before the evening star could grow bright, and Nita burst into the house.

"I've found it; I've found it!" she sang out. Her father inquired if it were gold or diamonds, her mother thought it must be a spring.

(Continued on page 32)



When the President and Mrs. Coolidge came up the little brick walk, most of the Girl Scouts of Washington were there to greet them

The President Comes to Luncheon

NOT so very long ago, we had a perfectly thrilling time down here in Washington at the Little House. You probably read all about it in the newspapers, but I have been thinking you would like to have me tell you what it was like from the inside, so I am writing this.

Of course it all grew, just as almost everything does—it wasn't just the inspiration of a moment. You see, President Coolidge had known the Little House and liked it when it was over near the Treasury on the lot by the White House. When he last saw it there, he said he was so glad it was going to be given to the Girl Scouts to keep. And Mrs. Coolidge had come to see us two or three times since the house was ours and moved. But we had all been waiting breathlessly for something important to which we could ask the President. We did want him to come to the dedication or housewarming, but he has to go to so many functions of that sort that we waited for something more especially Girl Scouty.

We Girl Scouts of Washington have been doing lots of things in the Little House, because, while it belongs to the Girl Scouts of the whole country, we who live right here naturally use it more than the others can. We have a great many classes and tests in homemaking, and ever so many of us have our Cook's badge and Hostess' badge and Child Nurse and others that we have won in the Little House itself. We

Imagine cooking luncheon for the President of the United States! That is what these girls did

By ONE WHO WAS THERE

evolved the idea of how wonderful it would be if the President should make us his first visit at the beginning of Girl Scout Week which was to be especially a Homemaking Week. And, too, it seemed best to have the party a luncheon party because it would not interfere very much with the President's work, since his offices are so near.

Then came the news that Leona Baldwin, a Girl Scout in Vermont, was going to give him a Homemaking Week turkey that she had raised herself in the President's own state. Everyone immediately thought how nice it would be if Leona were only down here to see the party and bring her turkey for it! Which really did happen, as you know.

And the President and Mrs. Coolidge accepted! Imagine the thrills! They suggested that what we had already decided on, was much the best thing to do—that was to keep the party exactly as though it were a party given by a real family who actually lived in the Little House, and not to try to make it just as grand as we possibly knew how. We wondered how much of a family we should have, but decided that since there was room for only eight people to sit comfortably at the table, we would just pretend to have mother and father with their guests, and that the other



Leona and her turkey

members of the family, including the Girl Scout daughters, would be supposed to be busy cooking and serving the dinner. Leona Baldwin from Vermont was to be one of these "daughters."

Mrs. Bowman, who is the Little House hostess, and Miss Evelina Gleaves, who is the Washington Local Director and whom we all know very intimately, helped us a great deal in making our plans. Miss Gleaves called a meeting one evening of all the Washington girls who had taken their Cook's badge within the past year. At the first meeting, she didn't tell us that the President had accepted the invitation because it was still secret. But we talked about all the things necessary for a turkey dinner, and found out which girls could be perfectly sure of cooking the various dishes without any chance of failure. Of course, after we knew that the President was coming to luncheon, I suppose every one of us practised her particular dish on her family three times a day! I know my own family had mine for breakfast, dinner and supper for days beforehand, so that I could be sure I wouldn't make any slip at the Big Moment!

Of course a good many things like almonds, candy, cranberry sauce, and things like that had to be cooked at home the day before. Numbers of girls went in, too, ahead of time and cleaned up the Little House just as clean as it could be scrubbed. And I guess most of us were there by daybreak on the morning of November seventh, the momentous date. Fortunately, daybreak does not come very early at that time of year!

Leona Baldwin is a most forehanded Girl Scout. She had raised the wonderful twenty-pound turkey for the President, but they had so much discussion on her farm at Montpelier as to whether it would be safer to send it down by express in a refrigerator car and perhaps run the chance of losing it—or to bring it in the basket herself, right along with her where it might be too warm for it, that they decided to do both! And both came through safely, so there were two turkeys all ready to be cooked for the President.

Since we had not been able to learn whether Leona could cook a turkey perfectly herself, and since anyway she would not know the stove and things about the Little House, we

decided that the turkey ought to be cooked by the Girl Scout in Washington who was most certain of having success with it. And that was Betty Brundage.

There was the greatest lot of scurrying around in the Little House that morning. And yet Mrs. Bowman says we were really very methodical about it. Mrs. Reed, one of our Captains who is most interested in our homemaking affairs, we asked to be there with us for general consulting purposes.

And when it was all ready, the table looked too sweet for words! It is an old-fashioned, almost Colonial table, and rather narrow, so we could not have too sprawly decorations. Some of the girls from Miss Lawrence's troop decorated it as well as the living-room. They had cut off the tops of two tiny pumpkins and taken out the inside, filling them with red apples and russet pears. A bunch of red grapes and one of little white ones lay on the tops and hung over the sides with some grape leaves. One of these stood in the middle of each half of the table, and between them, trailing off toward the ends of the table, were sprays of lovely red autumn leaves. Then we had the most beautiful surprise! Along in the middle of the morning there came the most enormous bouquet of pink roses you ever saw, sent by Mrs. Coolidge! She had picked them from the White House Conservatory especially for us! They stood on the piano in the living room, and really did make us look like a party. (Of course every one of us had one of the long-stemmed pink beauties for our own to put in our memory books when they were no longer fresh enough to gloat over at home.)

Long before the time for our guests to arrive, everything was in order. Two girls had been chosen to be special hostesses—Lucille Weber, to represent the Washington girls because she was going to get her Golden Eaglet that afternoon, and Margaret Strong, to represent the girls of the nation. Then Lily Weber was to attend the door, and Helen MacEwen was to be in the hall behind Lily to take the coats and hats from the guests. The other guests came a few minutes before one o'clock. You see we had thought, since the President was coming and since his wife is Honorary President of the Girl Scouts, we

(Continued on page 47)



The girls decorated the table and it looked too sweet for words

The Dud

Since Betty Wales, Margaret Warde has given us no finer and more spirited heroine than Binks Anderson. Here are Binks, a Harding Senior, the Carter twins and the Sophomore-Senior Show and a new girl, two new girls—Sally said one was a dud, "not dowdy, you know—but she doesn't go off"

By MARGARET WARDE

Illustrations by Frank Spradling



SALLY SAUNDERS wrote Binks Anderson about her. Sally had been a junior when Binks was a freshman, and Binks had adored her with a sentimental fervor quite foreign to her blunt, unsentimental, but thoroughly loyal way of friendship.

"She's a lovely thing," wrote Sally, "and my second cousin. She and her mother are expecting me to pull wires and drag her into everything desirable at Harding College. But I wouldn't be so mean to the child. 'Member how that awful millionaire alum queered Arletta Crouse by trying to buy her a place in Gamma's first five—just naturally making her a laughing-stock? So dry her freshman tears just once for me, and then take her or leave her, exactly as she deserves."

Binks, weighed down by the responsibility of being an upper classman and more lonely than she would admit because Sally had gone out into the wide, wide world, leaving her behind, went straightway to dry the freshman tears of Sally's lovely cousin. But there were no tears to dry. Leila Sayre was lovely, in a tall, stately, finished way that made Binks feel small, inadequate, and untidy in her trig sport clothes. Leila, resplendent in a flaming satin negligée, was unpacking. Or rather, she was superintending her roommate's efforts at hanging up a gay bit of Chinese brocade.

"This is Kate Clark," Leila briefly introduced the plain little girl who was struggling with thumb-tacks. "Try that up a little higher, Katie." She turned back to Binks. "Did Sal really think I'd be homesick?"

Binks murmured a shamed apology for having repeated what must have been only a poor joke.

"Oh, that's all right," said Leila. "But I've traveled rather a lot, you see, and been left at school in places much farther from home than this—Montreux and Los Angeles and Florence. Really, there isn't any sense in my coming to Harding. I've had enough of schools. But Sal was so keen on it, and she got Kate excited—Kate's from our town, you know—and Mother needed a place to dump me in for a while longer. So here I am!"

Flushed with her suppressed desire to tell this haughty

freshman that Harding was not a dumping ground for superfluous daughters, Binks turned her attention to the little roommate. "I hope you'll love it here as much as I have," she said.

Kate Clark smiled shyly at Binks over an armful of dresses that she was hanging in the clothes-closet—dresses whose colors and styles proclaimed unmistakably that they were Leila's. "I shall," she said. "I love it already. They say freshman classes are dull, but some of mine are just wonderful!"

"Oh, classes!" shrugged Leila. "Now, Miss Anderson, tell me about this house. Sal said it was one of the best on campus, but she's always so casual about social distinctions. What do you think?"

Binks rose to the full height of her five feet, three inches. "I think," she said, "that social distinctions are nonsense in a college. And Ripley's a very nice house. It has the Carter twins and an extra lot of bathrooms."

You can't judge a girl by the way she acts at the very beginning of freshman year. She changes so rapidly after that. Why, that's what college is for—to make her over, wake her up to the real values of life, bring out her best points, stifle her worst.

"Leila's probably got a horrible, climbing sort of family," decided Binks astutely, and forgiving all, asked her to Sunday dinner at Henderson.

Others, less clever and less critical than Binks, took Leila very much at her own valuation. Her good looks, her wonderful clothes, and her carefully paraded cousinship to Sally Saunders, her gift for finding out the right things to do and the right people to be seen with, gave her a flying start toward popularity—or was it only prominence? She was elected freshman president, an office which automatically gave her a place on the Student Council, and she was taken up by Josephine Briggs and her crowd, which meant that she was in line for all those desirable things that Sally had refused to pull wires for. As for Binks Anderson, she was just as nice to Leila as she could bring herself to



And because she was so happy and so busy she forgot her casual promise to look up Kate Clark

be—for while she excused, she never forgot that first interview. Being an “at large” member of the Student Council herself, she often found her mind wandering from the proceedings to protest dumbly at Leila’s presence there. “‘Dumped’ at Harding—and she’s freshman president! Worried about social distinctions and she’s on the Council—making rules for this college. Oh, well, we’ve all said foolish things in our time!” Binks would conclude sensibly, and turn her attention once more to the Council business.

That summer Sally Saunders spent two days of a hectic respite from licking stamps in a publishing house—first step toward writing a best seller—with Binks.

“Yes, Leila seems to have made very good,” Binks told her, in answer to a question.

“So she wrote me,” agreed Sally. “Glad she didn’t exaggerate. I always thought she was rather a dud.”

“A dud?” repeated Binks blandly. “I—to be perfectly honest, Sal dear, I don’t like Leila. I think she’s too much on the make. But—a dud! She must have changed amazingly since you saw her. Her clothes are perfectly scrumptious now—oh, too frilly for a useful person like me to wear, but certainly not duds.”

“Good gracious, child, I’m not talking about clothes,” protested Sally impatiently. “I’m talking—good gracious, where were you when the war broke out? Didn’t you have a brother or a cousin or an uncle or somebody over there who came home and told you about duds?”

“I’m afraid none of them did,” admitted Binks humbly.

“A dud,” announced Sally instructively, “is a shell that doesn’t make good. It looks all right and it sounds all right, but it doesn’t go off. Doesn’t do what’s expected of it! Well, now, to my way of thinking, Leila’s like that

—always has been like that. She looks all right, and she sounds all right, but she doesn’t go off—doesn’t measure up—doesn’t do what’s expected of her. You look her over and you talk to her, and she listens like a million dollars, but I’m telling you she’s a dud. If you haven’t found that out yet up at Harding, you just wait and you will.”

“Thanks for the tip, dear,” responded Binks amiably. “Not that I expect to need it. I’m not going to bother myself next year with people that I don’t specially like. I’m going to make the most *for myself* of every minute of my one last blissful year at Harding. No bothers—no worries—no fusses! I shall serve notice first off on all my earnest little classmates that they needn’t come to *me* with their flattering offers of jobs that ‘nobody-else-can-do-Binks-darling!’ Somebody else will have to, for I’m going to cultivate culture and commune with my soul.”

“Just occasionally you might take Kate Clark along on a soulful junket,” suggested Sally. “There’s a girl that’s worth while!”

“I thought so,” Binks nodded. “But she’s such a quiet little mouse and there’s always such a hullabaloo going on around Leila that Kate just—gets lost. I’ll try to find her some day.”

For six weeks of fall term Binks Anderson adhered rigidly to her determination to make the most for herself of senior year. She devoted her working hours to the academic pursuits that would soon be over for her, and her leisure to congenial recreation in perfectly congenial company. She elected difficult but to her delightful, courses in English and psychology, applied timidly for admission to Miss Porter’s seminar, and was secretly thrilled by the promptness and cordiality of that lady’s response. And she spent long afternoons tramping and discussing the universe with the girls who, as she put it, “meant college” to her. Because she was so busy and so happy, she forgot her casual promise to Sally to look up Kate Clark.

Then, just as Binks was congratulating herself on having been strong-minded enough to establish her own routine, there arose one of those crises in Harding life that never failed to appeal to Binks’ sporting spirit. Harding had just been given a new building for student activities and the undergraduates had enthusiastically promised to furnish it. The senior and sophomore classes had decided to initiate the campaign for their share with a grand “show” to take place just before Thanksgiving Day. Steady-going, reliable Bess Ray was senior chairman of the committee, with Leila Sayre as sophomore sub-chairman. Everything seemed to be moving along successfully when, two weeks before the show, Bess Ray was sent to the infirmary threatened with a nervous break-down.

“So now it’s up to you,” the senior president told Binks Anderson sternly. “We’ve let you off everything so far this term, but you and you alone can pull this thing through.”

“Same old blarney,” sniffed Binks irritably.

“You know Leila so well though, dear old Sally,” went on the senior president tactfully, “and you’re such a wonderful manager. Of course we’ve got to have a senior

name at the top of the committee, but you can make Leila do every bit of the work."

"Perhaps," speculated Binks. "Oh, bother! I don't want to fuss with this! I'm so happy doing as I please!"

"How happy we'll all be if our show goes smash!" snapped the president.

"It won't! It sha'n't!" declared Binks hotly. Then she grinned. "Oh, all right! I'll be chairman. For all my sins I'll take on this one job and try—only try, mind you, to pull it off."

Ten minutes later Binks had smiled her way into the infirmary and was sitting on the foot of Bess Ray's bed, announcing to a bewildered nurse that she was Bess's little sister from Texas and didn't nurse want to take a stroll while they talked family secrets?

"Now," said Binks, when the two girls were alone and she had explained the situation, "exactly what seems to be the trouble with this show?"

"Leila sat down on the job," declared Bess curtly. "Promised two skits and a puppet dance and a tableau thing. Showed me stunning outlines for them, and we talked about casts and costumes. Then her roommate got measles and came over here to the quarantined ward. And Leila—well, to be quite frank, Binks, she acted as if she'd never seen those outlines, and didn't know a puppet from a tableau. You know I'm no artist—just executive. I was to do advertising and tickets and stage and all that sort of thing, and Peg Carter was to plan the two senior acts—only two, because the sophomore ones sounded so perfectly spiffing. I asked Leila to resign and let me find a girl who'd put on a good show in a hurry. But Leila is counting on the credit she'll get from this affair to pull her into Gamma among the first five, and she stuck. So I—oh, I was used up with her airs and her promises and her delays and—here I am!"

"I don't understand the roommate part," said Binks. "Was Leila so upset over Kate's being ill? She never seems to bother much—"

"No," snapped Bess, "she wasn't at all upset! That girl doesn't care for anyone but herself."

"Well, then—" countered Binks.

"All I know," said Bess wearily, "is that after Kate Clark left, nothing more was done. Now, Binks, you're a good guesser—oh, go and talk to Leila! She's the one for you to find out things from."

"Right as usual," said Binks, rising hastily. "Now please don't have a relapse, Bess, or I shall resign and my successor will come around to bother you."

On her way out of the infirmary Binks inquired for Kate Clark. She had been dreadfully ill, it seemed, but she was now convalescing rapidly.

"Hasn't she any intimate friends?" inquired the head nurse, who knew what wonders Binks Anderson could work when she tried. "If you could jog their memories about her! It's lonely

in the quarantined ward when nobody sends you anything."

"Nobody?" demanded Binks.

"Nobody," echoed the nurse. "Oh, there was one note from her roommate. But it wasn't cheering; it made her cry."

So Binks went first to a florist's shop and then up to Ripley, comparing, on her way, Bess Ray's experience with her sub-chairman and Sally's remarks about duds, and trying to decide how best to play her cards for the good of the sophomore-senior show and the happiness of little Kate Clark, whose lonely convalescence in the contagious ward of the infirmary seemed somehow to matter more than anything else.

Leila was in—struggling sulkily with a theme. She hadn't the air, somehow, of a person who could plan skits and puppet dances wholesale. No, she hadn't done anything more about the sophomore numbers for the show—she supposed Bess Ray's illness had postponed it indefinitely.

"Well, it hasn't," snapped Binks. "I'm chairman now. Oh, we may have to postpone the show, but not on Bess's account." Binks paused meaningly and fixed Leila with a coldly appraising glance. "Who planned those wonderful sophomore acts for you?" she demanded. Then as Leila sulked in silence, "I know, but I want you to tell me."

"Well, why shouldn't Kate Clark do things for me?" inquired Leila crossly. "She rooms with me, and a good many girls would consider that quite a privilege."

"Let me see," said Binks coldly. "It means, as far as I've observed, that you neglect the poor little thing when she's ill and when she's well you accept her suggestions and steal—" Binks hurriedly softened her phrasing—"take away her chances of making her own place here—of being known as the very talented girl she is."

"She's queer, Kate is," Leila defended herself, "but I don't call her so clever. And she'd never go ahead if I didn't put her up to it."

"Those acts are original and perfectly fascinating," declared Binks. "The girl who planned them and can carry out the outlines is going to be a celeb. here, and you know it, Leila Sayre."

There was a pause, broken finally by Binks, who leaned forward again and caught Leila's soft white hand impulsively in her thin little brown one. "I say," she said, pleadingly, "let's help put little Kate Clark where she belongs. Do you know, Leila, this college is full of girls like her—girls who can queen it all over you and me in brains and artistic and literary ability. But they can't push ahead! Once in a while before they leave college they do something so very remarkable that they get a little belated credit and fun out of it. Oftener they go away unrecognized and disappointed. Let's push—we two good pushers—oh let's push Kate Clark into Sigma—I'm in Sigma, so we can manage that—among the first five."

(Continued on page 43)



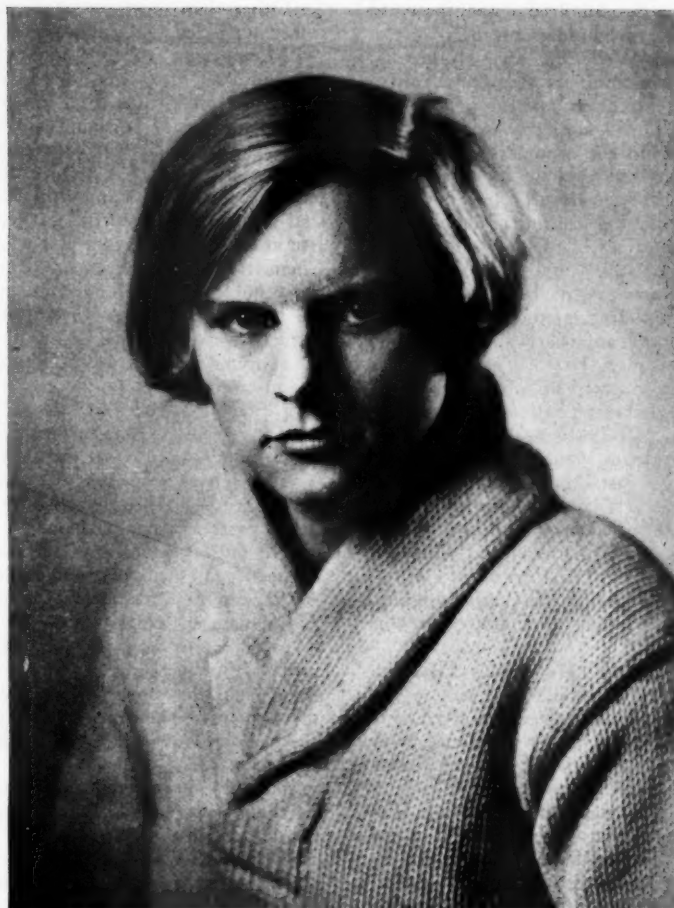
Binks, sitting back-stage on a pile of discarded costumes, called Leila to a seat beside her

THEIR ancestors used five yards of crinoline for skirts, considered a bicycle unladylike, and moved their words and their legs (pronounced "limbs") as slowly as a tortoise moves her shell when she is very, very tired. But today the students at Hollins College, Hollins, Virginia, are greased lightning—at least on the athletic field. They may be pretty at dinner, and popular at dances, and "smart" in the classroom, but on the big rectangular athletic field they are blue lightning—greased. And what an evolution in athletic costume! 1850, five yards of crinoline; 1895, three yards of muslin; 1915, one yard of anything; 1918, blowsy bloomers; 1925—praise the God of Play—a pair of stringbean knickers! And nobody draws at hockey practice. There isn't time!

But there is time for good sportsmanship. Here in Virginia, where the snowfall in January or February is very light, and where, consequently, the outdoor season is prodigiously long, every sport goes at full swing. And certainly athletics are a wholesome influence on other school activities. A torpid brain is shaken up by a run in the wind. Pettiness and superficiality disappear on the baseball diamond. Nearly two thousand years ago, the Romans talked about "a sound mind in a sound body." Hollins College talks little, but practises much.

With the result that modern college athletes are small miracles. Their ancestors wouldn't recognize them. Neither would the silly people who imagine that all Southern girls are languid and sweet—and nothing more. Elizabeth Saunders is flesh-and-blood proof.

When I interviewed the President of the Hollins Athletic Association, she wore a kimono the exact color of Missis-



"What do you demand in a girl you elect captain of a team?" Virginia Moore asked Elizabeth Saunders whom you see here. "Cooperation," replied "Liz," as she prefers being called

All Out for Sports

"Liz" Saunders, of Hollins College, Virginia, talks to you about all kinds of things athletic through

VIRGINIA MOORE

never beat about a gooseberry bush. She was worth interviewing.

"Of course," she continued, "she must be a good athlete if she is to set a practical example, but she isn't necessarily the best on the team. She's a coach, first and foremost. She's got to command without antagonizing. An unpopular captain will queer any team. Who wants to be coached by a sorehead or a smart-aleck or a colorless personality? No, cooperation is the thing, and that subtle something which makes for likeableness in a leader. At least, those are the qualities we want at Hollins. Maybe at a bigger college—"

"No," I cut in, as courteously as excitement would allow. "I suspect that size has nothing to do with it. Big or little, what does it matter? A team is a team, and girls are girls whether they are in the north, south, east, or west,

Mississippi larkspur. But no larkspur kimono on earth could conceal the essential energy of the girl. The muscle was obvious, and the hard determination, and the wind-color on her cheek-bones. The sort of girl who looks best in heavy brown brogues, a skirt and sweater to match, and bobbed hair that ridicules a hat. The hair, at least, was according to order. It was sensible and short and ash-blond. The style was a swell, downright. Just as the girl was downright. You'd think twice before you'd "monkey" with Elizabeth Saunders.

"I'm curious," I told her, by way of breaking thick ice. "I wonder what qualities you demand in a girl before you elect her a captain of, say basketball."

She wasn't amazed. She wasn't at a loss. Her answer was as pointblank as my question.

"Cooperation," she said. "First of all, cooperation."

I liked her directness. Here, evidently, was a person who

and whether their college has two hundred or two thousand."

But I knew what Elizabeth Saunders meant.

Compared to Smith and Wellesley, say, Hollins is a small college. Hollins girls think its size an advantage. It means more individual attention and more chance to grow. The sky is the limit—and the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains that hem in the campus so majestically. But the student body is not too small to indulge in every known sport. Tennis, hockey, baseball, and hiking are carried on outdoors. Swimming, aesthetic dancing, and, occasionally, basketball are taught in the colossal new gymnasium recently erected on back-campus. No one, after seeing the big pool, can resist a dive and three or four splashes. And no one, after sliding on the slick gymnasium floor, wants to play basketball anywhere but on the home field.

Which brings up the old question of intercollegiate athletics. Elizabeth Saunders was emphatic on this point:

"Intercollegiate athletics? Hollins is against them. Why? Because we believe that athletics should help the school as a whole, and not exploit the fast legs or the quick arm of any exceptionally talented individual. I agree absolutely. Intercollegiate playing is bad for the health because it's bad for the nerves. It keys the girls up to a terrific pitch. Men, maybe, can stand it, but not girls. Oh, it's all wrong!"

I had never before seen so deep a conviction dressed in larkspur blue. I thought we had better find a cooler topic.

"But, Miss Saun—"

She stopped me with a grin. "My name's Elizabeth," she corrected me. "And everyone calls me Liz."

I, too, grinned. Liz *did* suit her better. I started again:

"How about your organization, Liz?" If this ash-blond bit of efficiency was at the head, I knew the organization worked with Big Ben precision.

"The Athletic Board makes most of the plans. It has seven members. Four representatives are elected by their respective classes. The President, Vice-president, and Secretary are elected by the entire school. Hollins is divided into Odds and Evens for hockey and into Reds and Blues for basketball. They choose their own teams and play each other. Does it work? Well, go to a pre-Thanksgiving rally or a post-Founder's Day banquet, and see for yourself!"

"Is there any incentive for this interest?" I asked timidly.

"—Other than sheer joy of playing? Seems unnecessary."

Liz wrinkled her forehead.

"Monograms. A girl who makes a team earns a certain number of points towards a letter. Five hundred points (not more than three hundred in any one sport) give her a monogram. It's handsome. A gold "H" on a forest-green background. Of course athletic points are not the only requirements. A candidate for the monogram must pass the posture test and chin up to the scholarship requisite. An athlete who humps over like a camel is no athlete at all. Neither is a girl who is too stupid to pass her Chemistry and her French. But the monogram is worth the trouble. Five hundred points, a monogram. Every one hundred and twenty-five points in excess, an extra gold star. Twelve hundred points procure a Hollins blanket—the supreme award. It's mag-nif-i-cent!"

This outburst from the larkspur kimono was followed by a larkspur silence. I cudged my astonished brain for more questions. Athletic information was here for the asking, and I didn't intend to let a crumb fall.

"How about field meets?"—finally.

Liz grinned her characteristic grin, in her characteristically matter-of-fact fashion.

"No more field meets," she said joyfully. "Once upon a time we high-jumped and dashed fifty yards and threw the javelin and the discus. But no more. We decided that field meets are injurious to most girls. Someone was always breaking her ankle or shamefully straining her innards. Furthermore and also in addition, field meets didn't help the school as a whole. Only the exceptional girl put on her knickers and came out. The average and the mediocre knew they'd be weeded out in the tryouts and stayed away."

Suddenly, I remembered spring baseball. Liz assured me that it was popular even though, as a game, it wasn't a volcanic success.

"Why?" I shot back.

"Girls just aren't made that way," was the simple and very adequate answer. "Have you ever watched a girl pitch an ordinary baseball?"

I had. The ball usually went weakly in the general direction of a corkscrew. Girls are queer. They're bad

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This is the Monogram Club of Hollins College, Virginia—Southern Athletes all



The judge
was never
surprised

The Scampering Scarecrow

THE first thaw came. In the river, ice black as winter skies grew gray and spongy, sagged, and fled out past the Narrows with a thunderous roar. The mornings were hazy, the noons were warm. Cows moved into bright, moist pastures, where last snow-patches were melting under the alders. From opened barns came little tinkering noises as men overhauled their planting gear. So spring crept sweetly over the purple hills—and found Linda Barr restless, just as usual.

Her mother said her blood was thick, and gave her sulphur and molasses. Her father said he gave her up. Both should have known better. Linda's ailment was simple and incurable. She wished, and she wished, and she wished she'd been born a boy.

"Girls are no good," she would observe to old Judge Winslow, the Barrs' nearest neighbor and her secret friend. "Girls are pokey. All they can do is stick in the house and cook and sew and wash dishes. Ugh! Boys have all the sport." Her roving blue eye would stray into the distance, across the broad valley to a spruce-girt shoulder five miles away, and she would add softly, "I want a gun."

"H-m. A gun." The Judge was never surprised. Big, wrinkled, world-wise and twinkling, the old rascal simply

"A sight to scare the crows away," she admitted it herself, but there were other things she was good for, too

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

Illustrations by J. M. Clifton

because she could tuck up into it her hated brown, corn-silk curls. Her hands were quick as chipmunks. Her mouth was grave and tender, her nose a perky button. But she had eyes like stars in a well. She was a picture. Winslow valued her friendship as he valued few things in life.

"A gun," he rumbled. "What would you shoot, sonny?" "Oh, woodchucks, and quail maybe, and—" just then her eyes caught a black shadow drifting into the woods; to her ears came a hoarse call, twice repeated—"why, crows, prob'ly. . . ."

The Judge nodded. "Fair game. Crows do a lot of damage. Your dad would be pleased."

She darted a look at him. "Gosh! So he would. I never thought of that. But I haven't got any money, you see."

"No." The Judge whistled idly a bit, tapping in time to the tune; then he raised his head and addressed no one

in particular. "Fifteen," he mused obscurely. "When I was fifteen I brought my folks in ten dollars a week. Had to. Poor as Job's turkey. Eight in family. All hands had to get out and scratch. . . ."

There was a pause. Down in the valley a man ploughing, was calling his horses in lazy, measured tones. Linda dug her toes into warm spruce mold. She looked up abruptly, as if answering a challenge.

"Dad doesn't need help," she said swiftly. "He's got acres and acres, and a good house and the third biggest barn in the county. He's—rich."

Winslow's eyes narrowed. "Maybe," he said. Then his manner changed; a broad smile made his face gleam. "I'll tell you what," he suggested briskly. "You ask him if he'd mind—tell him it's for crows and all. And if he's willing, I'll see what I can do."

Her eye lighted instantly. "Judge, you're a—a brick! I'll go ask him right now." Forgetting that she longed to be a boy, that little witch fell upon the big man and hugged him till he tottered—and was off trailing laughter through the trees toward home.

Recovering his stick and his balance, the Judge watched her go. Alone, the smile on his face looked oddly twisted. Sighing, he turned at last to go into the house. It was a big place, empty and silent—except when Linda's mirth rang out in it. Judge Winslow had left the bench years before. The village knew he had money to burn. But the wealth of Midas couldn't have kept his wife alive, or given him a son. . . . "A gun, eh?" he chuckled wistfully, and disappeared.

Meanwhile the girl in overalls perched on the stone wall that was her father's northwest boundary, the line between his place and Winslow's. Her eyes were vaguely troubled. A thought had stopped her in her tracks.



Linda was trying
not to feel blue

Far below ran the river, still swollen, a doubling strip of silky blue. Up from it to her feet rolled a mighty sweep of pasture and tilled land, patterned with thin, gray fences against brown loam and early green. Halfway up that slope, the road lay straight and golden. And on the near side of the road, neat and commanding, a picket fence enclosed Solon Barr's small white house and huge red barn. The westing sun made the weather-vane on the barn ridge-pole glow like fire.

Taking it all in, Linda's eyes were shadowed by a little puzzled frown. She hugged her knees and stared down at the valley as if its smiling assurance, its prosperous solidity, were just a ruse. "Maybe . . ." she whispered dully. "What the thunder did he mean by 'maybe'?"

She was to find out in due course. But other things came first.

She got the gun, though not without words. Her father was not only surprised; he was displeased. Small things were apt to displease Barr at this time. He had never really understood this strange child of his. Lean, wiry, bowed by labor, he carried an harassed look that seemed to drive him through work like a whip. It was all he could manage. Anything else was the last straw. At Linda's question he looked up with a sneer.

"Do I mind? Mother, the girl's daft! Course I don't mind, long as you don't shoot your scatterbrained head off. Where d'you figure on picking up this armory? Don't call on me."

"I won't," Linda promised tartly. "I'm going to get it—to get it from—Oh, I'll have it somehow. You see."

"Huh! What you going to shoot?"

"Crows, Dad." Suddenly the blue eyes were eager.

But he was mean about that. Instead of being pleased, he scoffed at the idea. "Ha! Ha! That's a good one. Crows, eh? Slipperiest critters in the whole world. Don't you go breaking windows." He surveyed her shabby clothes severely. "All you'd have to do would be just to stand out in my ten-acre . . . I need a scarecrow there. Maybe the sight wouldn't kill 'em—but it sure would drive 'em away."

"Now, Solon, don't you be hard on her," put in his wife soothingly. Linda was equally an enigma to her mother. But Sarah Barr was patient, and wise beyond her sphere. That little jenny-wren of a woman marveled at her daughter's wildness, but she lost no sleep thereby. "Now, Solon," she would protest mildly over her spectacles. "Takes all kinds to make a world." The man said she spoiled Linda. Perhaps. Certainly she loved her fiercely. On top, she was all trusting serenity. "It'll work out," she would murmur, beaming on her table.

So the gun appeared, a twenty-two calibre toy that had lain for years in Judge Winslow's attic. Slugs appeared, a beltful of them. And one Saturday morning Linda left the house very proudly, the blue barrel drooping professionally under her arm. She was after crows, dozens of them. She had lunch with her. Dad had asked her to bring home at least one carcass. He wanted to hang it on a stick, out in the north ten-acre, planted now to corn.

But the whole affair was a fizzle. Not that anything ailed the gun; it barked gloriously, and gave Linda a sore shoulder with its kick. The trouble lay with the crows. Slippery! It was as if every bird in the valley had smelled that rifle and left for parts unknown. After a morning of futile stalking, Linda sat down on a stump and ate her sandwiches, trying not to feel blue. Lunch over, she put in some target practice with a white birch trunk for a mark. To her delight she was getting to the point where she could hit it pretty often when a shadow, familiar in its stealthy gliding through near-by trees, made her pause, gasp, and start off madly in pursuit. Far ahead in the woods she heard croaking. . . . At last! Her heart was

a riot as she raced along, into the hills and away from the farm. She knew little of the birds' deep craftiness, had no idea that this chase was just a plot. Every once in a while she got a tempting glimpse of that shadow; beyond every thicket and clearing she hoped to get in a shot. She ran and ran until, unexpectedly, she came out on the Wells Road three miles from home; and the shadow had melted out of sight somewhere, and the late afternoon air was perfectly empty of sound.

Her heart sank. She bit her lip to keep it from trembling. Briars had scratched her arms and torn her clothes. Her hat was gone. Since no one was looking she cried a little, trudging the long way home; and the tears made streaks down her dusty face. "A—a darn fool scarecrow. Just as Dad—said. Th—that's all you are," she whispered forlornly.

At the supper table her father was very bitter. Where on earth had she been? Wanted to help, eh? Did she know that while she was skyhooting around the next township, her *prey* had settled comfortably in the ten-acre not a hundred yards from the house, and scratched up a piece as big as the yard?

It was true. Her gun was a joke. She'd been lured away, fooled. "A great way to help!" her father snapped.

"Now, Solon, go easy," her mother urged. "She tried, didn't she?"

Linda sat still, too utterly miserable for words.

"Tried? Oh, I reckon so." Barr made a visible effort to be lenient. The tragedy in those misty blue eyes across the table would have melted a heart of quartz. "Tried! Why—er—sure she did!" He got up and actually came around to pat her shoulder. It had come over his work-numbered spirit, suddenly, impellingly, that this scapegrace child of his was a lovely thing—whims, tomboyishness, and all. . . . The thought gripped him. He smoothed the bowed and tumbled brown head. "There, there, honey," he said gruffly. "Cheer up, you'll be a sharpshooter yet. We'll rig up a scarecrow for the ten-acre till you get your hand in. What we got to use, Mother?"

"Why not that old ulster of yours? It's gone to rags. I'll fetch it down from the attic first thing in the morning."

Linda went to bed early, dead-tired from her long day in the open. But she didn't sleep. For just as she was dropping off into a dream filled with heavy firing and swooping black shadows, the low murmur of voices coming up the steep backstairs from the kitchen, dug sharply into her consciousness and set her wide awake. She lay still, listening. Her father was speaking now.

"... You read about it in story-books. Don't seem possible it could really happen."

"It'll come right somehow. Don't you worry, Solon." In her mind's eye Linda could see her mother placidly darning under the lamp. But there was a note in those two voices that she had not heard before. They were taut, she decided, like tight strings.

"If he'd only wait till fall. I'm going to make out good this year, and I can catch up on those payments. But



With a jerk the scarecrow came to life

I'm scared he won't. He's a hard man, Rafe Elder. He wants to foreclose. He sees this valley cut up into fifty lots for summer cottagers, and himself making a pile out of it." The man's voice broke. "It's a tough go, Mother, this farming! You got to go in deeper and deeper, or go to the wall. And the farther you go, the more chance of trouble."

"Haden't you better see the Judge? He was mighty good to us two winters back, when I was sick. He's got barrels of money. Don't you believe he'd—"

"Yes. I know he would. But a man's got to keep his self-respect. We swore we wouldn't go to the Judge again unless we had to."

There was silence down there. And Linda, staring bleakly into the darkness, saw now what had been meant by "maybe." Her father wasn't rich at all. That tight-pressed mouth, those lines graven on his thin face, his dogged eyes—all that showed clear now. He was driven. A big farm is the only kind that makes money. And the bigger the farm, the more you need. Dad needed money, badly. This great place, looking so opulent and secure, was really no more than a card-house, ready to collapse at a touch. At the touch of Rafe Elder. She knew him well—had always disliked him. A meager, dark-browed and brooding man, shadowy and sinister, like a crow.

"Don't rightly know what we'd do," her father's voice began again, very low, "if we had to . . . get out."

"Shaw, now! What talk! Suppose Rafe does come and get nasty. Wouldn't he give you time to go up and see the Judge and get the money?"

"No. Yes. Oh, I dunno. Maybe. He's a money-grubber, but I don't hardly think he's downright black-hearted. Perhaps you could talk to him here while I went up. I wouldn't mind going to Winslow again, if it come to that.

Still . . ." the reedy voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "Lord, Lord, Sarah!—it's that madcap girl that matters. She's so wild, and so pretty—and so dog-goned helpless! She's all we got or ever'll have. We've planned and scraped for her. 'House, barn, and a hundred acres,' we said, 'free and unencumbered. When we've done that to protect her, we'll be ready—to go.'"

The words had poured out like a dam breaking. There was a pause. And a drawn voice crept up the staircase:

(Continued on page 45)

A new story by

JANE ABBOTT

"Pamela's Bandit"

"More stories by Jane Abbott," that was one of the most frequent sentences in the "What I Wish in My Magazine" letters. Many of you remember her *Laughing Last* which was made into a book—and the real, honest-to-goodness girls she writes about. You will want to meet—and we shall be happy soon to introduce—Pamela and her bandit.

Cactus Kate

IT was Peggy Austin of the Manzanita Troop who gave her the nickname of Cactus Kate. Her real name as recorded on the school register was Katherine Diana Harwood. Cactus Kate somehow fitted her better. She was a slim, freckled girl of fifteen with unsmiling gray eyes and a mop of thick red hair. To any friendliness she responded with a half-suspicious look, like some wild creature of the woods suspecting treachery.

The Harwood family had come into the valley the summer before and had pitched their camp on the edge of the Austin ranch during apricot season. They were wonderful pickers, their long deft hands filling boxes at a rate no other picker could equal. By the end of the season they had earned more than four hundred dollars between them, and Mr. Harwood, a tall, reserved man from whom the children had inherited their red hair and level-looking gray eyes, had gone to the village land office and paid all the money out on a deserted homestead in the foothills back of the Austin ranch.

"How they expect to make a living out of it I don't know," commented Mr. Austin when he heard about it. "The Blacks gave up in despair after three seasons up there."

But somehow the Harwoods managed to live. They enlarged the spring and piped water down to the tiny orchard of starveling figs, and they kept chickens and rabbits and sold them to hotels down the valley. Dennis helped his father cut greasewood from the upper lands, and hauled tier after tier down the steep wood road to sell in the valley. On the first day of school Katherine appeared in a trim blue linen dress, her thick red hair burnished to an unexpected splendor. She was going to have an education, those proud gray eyes seemed to say, and not even the long tramp from the foothill homestead to the school bus could discourage her.

"If only she wouldn't be so up-pish," groaned Peggy. "Father drives me to the bus every morning and he suggested to Mr. Harwood that Cactus Kate come with us, but Mr. Harwood said his daughter liked the walk. He was polite, but firm. It was the same when I suggested to Kate her joining our troop. She thanked me and refused almost before I'd finished asking her."

"Maybe she didn't know what you meant," suggested Anne Merton, Peggy's special chum.

"Why didn't she ask, then?"

"Katherine Diana Harwood, familiarly known as Cactus Kate, comes of a long line of earls, and she can't condescend to ask questions."

As prickly as a desert cactus, the English girl would admit no friendships with her Girl Scout neighbors

By MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

Illustrations by Charles Andrew Bryson

"Earls, you goose!" jeered Anita May.

"I said earls," Anne nodded. "Cactus Kate's father brought a book to Professor James the other day to see if he cared to buy it. It's an old English book, Chaucer or something—"

"Just let Professor James catch you calling Chaucer

something," Peggy interrupted jeeringly.

Anne rolled her over and put a hand over her mouth. "I've got the floor," she said sternly. "Chaucer or something, as I remarked before. Mr. Harwood said it had belonged to his grandfather and was supposed to be very valuable. Well, what do you suppose was in that book?"

"Prethed flowers?" piped up Anne's six-year-old sister Evey, who had ruined many a family volume through her passion for pressing flowers between their covers.

"No, treasure, not prethed flowers," laughed Anne. "It was a book plate beautifully engraved with a coat of arms, and it had underneath, 'From the library of George, seventh earl of Doncaster.'"

"Not really!" came in incredulous chorus from Anne's audience.

"Yes, really. I heard Professor James telling father



His son and daughter
stumbled in with their
burden

about it last evening. Professor James said he asked Mr. Harwood some pretty pointed questions about it and Mr. Harwood admitted that the seventh earl of Doncaster was his grandfather. He seemed to hate talking about it, but he finally told Professor James that he had taken his inheritance when he came of age and come out to California, and he'd lost pretty nearly everything in various speculations. He's ashamed to let his family know what a goose he was. Besides, his father's a younger son and hasn't much money. Anyway, Professor James bought the book for fifty dollars, and he says it was a bargain at that."

"Fifty dollars for one musty old book!" breathed Anne.

"But I 'spose having an earl's book-plate in it makes it more valuable."

"I only hope he'll buy windows with it," said Peggy. "It will be awfully cold up there when the rainy season begins, and there isn't a single window in that cabin."

"How do you know? Have you been there?" Anita May asked, excitedly.

Peggy nodded. "I went up with father the other day when he took a cheque to Mr. Harwood for some wood."

"What was it like? Do tell us, Peggy."

"There's nothing to tell," Peggy returned rather curtly. "I just saw the outside. Mrs. Harwood was out feeding the chickens and Kate was hoeing around the fig trees. I think she would have asked me in while father was up on the hill with Mr. Harwood, but the brother, Dennis, you know, came around the house just as we were going up the path, and he stood right in the path in the *rudest* way. He looked absolutely furious, and yet he had rather a grand manner, too. He stood with his hat off and his chin in the air as much as to say, 'You've had the impertinence to come spying up here, but I'm the son of earls and must take off my hat to you.' He's not bad looking," Peggy added with a thoughtful air.

"Pretty is as pretty does," said straightforward Anne. "It's better not to bother with stuck-up people like that.

Cactus Kate would spoil our troop if she did come in. She'd be always pricking us with her thorns."

"And yet I think we'd like her if she'd let us," Peggy murmured regretfully. "Oh, well, it's her loss. We've got on splendidly without her for a long time, and we can continue to do so, I guess."

So Cactus Kate was left to herself by the girls of the Manzanita Troop. She proved to be a very quick student and climbed steadily to the head of her classes. And in the regular gymnasium work she was transformed into a vivid and friendly creature. She seemed to play every sort of game by instinct, and was so generous toward an opponent that the girls forgot her oddities and were warm in their praise of her. But once the game was over she cloaked herself in that haughty, half-suspicious reserve and shunned her classmates as if she had taken some vow against friendships.

"And yet you can't call her exactly disagreeable," said Anne. "Well, she'll have to do the climbing down now. We've tried our best to be nice and she won't allow us to be."

But Peggy was thoughtful. She remembered the tall figure of Dennis blocking the path of the house, and she remembered a look he had given his sister. Cactus Kate had been friendly and pleased with her visit until Dennis appeared; but after his glance at her, she had chilled toward Peggy.

"He's the chief trouble," thought Peggy, "He's got a silly idea we're patronizing his sister. I guess the pride of seven earls of Doncaster must have boiled down in him and made him disagreeable."

Remembering how he had looked at her, Peggy felt her cheeks burn with vexation. Yet at the same time she could not forget how he had swept off his hat and kept it in his hand until she had gone. Anne Merton's brother would not have done that.

"But then Teddy wouldn't have glared at me that way either," she said to herself. "Peggy Austin, you're a goose if you bother about the Harwoods any more."

Such resolves were all very well, but Cactus Kate was the sort of girl you thought about in spite of yourself, and warm-hearted Peggy found herself looking wistfully up the wood-road the very next Saturday afternoon and wondering if Kate, too, was finding the day hanging heavy on her hands. Peggy's father and mother had gone to Riverside, and the ranch was lonely.

"If I could think of a good excuse I'd walk up, and I wouldn't care if Dennis were angry," thought Peggy. A brilliant idea struck her. "I know, I'll ask her to coach me for rhetoricals. She speaks beautifully, and I think she'd be awfully generous about helping me, and she surely couldn't think I was trying to patronize her if I asked her help."

Peggy wasted no time once her mind was made up. She hunted out the poem she had chosen, and calling Don, her collie, swung down through the orange orchard to the wood-road. It was a walk she never tired of. The road wound up a narrow canyon, then around the face of the hills through feathery chamise, pungent Yerba Santa, and the grim, branching cactus that goes by the name of Dead Men's Fingers. There had been early rains and spring had already come, bringing with it dozens of delicate little blossoms that clung close to the sheltering earth.

The climb was extremely steep, and after a little Peggy stopped to rest on a boulder. Opening her book she tried reciting out loud the poem she had chosen. The wild hills and sunset coloring fitted

(Continued on page 51)





First I prepared my plot and then I put a border of stones painted in gay colors around it

I Plant My Own Garden

IT all started with a challenge—a challenge that I could never pass that “Gardener” badge. Of course just as soon as it was given—my father issued it—I was ready to take it, though at that time I thought I very much disliked gardening. I remember how my father looked at me surprised, at first, then watched with interest through the weeks that followed.

It was I who had the next surprise. It came in discovering how fascinating the choice of seeds and plot may be. You see I chose all my favorite kinds of vegetables and all my favorite kinds of flowers, and when I added them together, I found just twelve, which was the required number. Then I realized why I had never cared for gardening before: I didn’t have any real, personal interest in what was going on. We have had a large garden ever since I was a small child, and of course I was made to dig weeds, plant, and do the other hard and disagreeable parts of the work—and all the time it wasn’t my garden or my responsibility.

But now I was to have my own garden. Before beginning work on it, however, I drew up a plan of arrangement, so that when the various seeds came up, they would look as pretty and neat as possible. I never could have made or carried out this plan so well if it had not been for my father and mother, who had had long experience with a large garden, and from whom I learned all about what was best to plant and what was best to do for everything. The training I had, you see, was practical—it didn’t come from books and studying. I just went out into the large family garden, and watched and learned and found out things for myself.

If other Girl Scouts have a friend or relative with a large garden they can get a great deal of help from them, I am sure, before starting their own, as to what to plant suitable for the climate and soil of that place, how to plant—for that differs enormously—and as to getting the best crop out of what they plant. Of course books are the next best help, but first-hand information of some sort is practically necessary for this kind of badge. Government bulletins and

It’s having a real, personal interest in each of your vegetables and flowers that makes winning a gardener’s badge so fascinating

By FRANCES H. KNAPP

those of agricultural colleges are also very reliable and are usually sent free on request.

Then I prepared my plot. After I had raked it and taken all the stones away, it was ready to plant. Before I planted, however, I carried out a little idea of my own. I chose a sufficient number of stones large enough to go all the way around my garden. These I painted all colors and designs, just to give a different look to my possession.

Finally the real planting began. When I put those seeds, so small, into the ground, I wondered if they ever really could come up and grow to be vegetables and beautiful flowers. Before many days had passed, however, my lettuce came up just as thickly as I had planted it. Then I began to get interested—though I had thought I was interested before—and went over and visited my garden every day, sometimes several times a day.

Needless to say, there were many things that were not exactly pleasant. First, the weeds, which *would* persist in spite of all efforts to eradicate them, but as my plot was small, I finally managed to get most of them out. The crows troubled me also, as they just loved to get at my precious row of green peas. Rags and constant attention kept them usually at a distance. Then there were several varieties of insects and cut-worms that were rather discouraging, especially among my butter beans, and it was not very pleasant to dig them up. I had to spray the lice on the peas. Transplanting, too, was not very enjoyable, for I had to be so careful. I did not want to lose a single one of my own little plants. A garden anyway, be it ever so small, is quite a bit of care, and you do not always feel like taking time for that sort of work. Now you won’t think, will you, that just because I tell you about all my problems and the parts I didn’t like, that I was not glad I did it? I really and truly enjoyed most of it, and have been glad ever since that I had my garden.

Of course I kept a record of expenses and receipts. The expenses were not very great as I could borrow the tools and the land from my father, and I bought the penny

(Continued on page 50)

To Wear in My Garden

Certainly it is a joy to ourselves—as well as a delicate compliment to the flowers—to wear one of these jolly, flowered aprons when we work in our garden

Written and Illustrated by
RACHEL TAFT DIXON



THERE is that delicious smell of the ground in spring—and that delicious feel of the loam as we turn it up and reach over to crumble the warm clods between our fingers. And there is the sad state our frocks are likely to be in! Unless, of course, we protect them—and add to the gaiety of the landscape—by wearing a garden apron while we work.

Two jolly ones are pictured here; and although you may hang them on the nail with gloves and watering-pot when you come in from out-of-doors, they would be nice for wearing indoors, too. We can think of many activities they might adorn. The cretonne apron illustrated has the advantages of requiring very little material and of slipping on without any buttons to fasten or strings to tie. A gay cretonne with a colored background will prove prettier and more practical for gardening than one with a white background. Bias binding like one of the bright colors in the pattern or in a color contrasting with the background will be the only other material required. This may be either the bias binding which comes already folded for use, or it may be cut from plain colored material. Be sure it is a true bias if you cut it yourself.

The diagram shows the method of cutting the apron from thirty-six-inch material—the usual width of cretonne. The pockets, which may be cut from the pieces left in cutting the apron, should be rather large to be practical, with a slanting top edge as in the picture. The pocket edge is bound. In joining the shoulder seams the backs are lapped over, one on the other, and each back strap is joined to the opposite side of the front, as the slanted edge would indicate. The shoulder seams are the only seams in the apron. After joining them bind the edges of the apron with the bias binding, or, if you prefer, the edge may be finished with ric-rac braid, either white or in color.

An apron of unbleached muslin with bright-colored fruits and flowers appliquéd at the neck line and pockets may prove a very attractive and useful possession. The cheaper, more open textured unbleached muslin is preferable to the heavy quality which is very stiff for embroidering.

The measurements for cutting are given in the diagram. You will find it easier to cut a paper pattern first. The

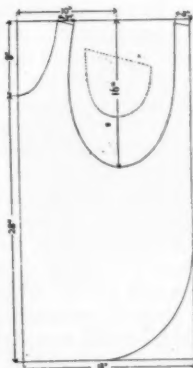
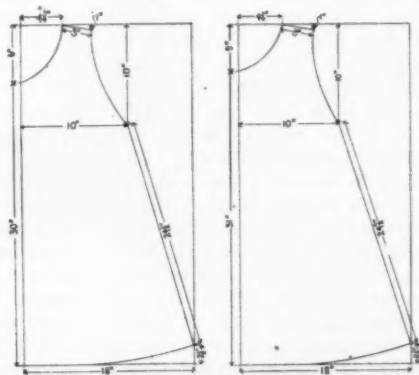


Diagram for cutting the cretonne apron from 36-inch material



For the apron of unbleached muslin you will find it easier to cut a paper pattern first. Brown wrapping paper is excellent



The pockets of colored gingham are shaped like flower pots

front is cut on a fold. If you wish the back of the apron to button, cut it in two pieces: for a slip-over apron, cut the back on a fold as you cut the front, but make it one-half inch narrower on each side than the measurement of the diagrams as there will be no hems for closing.

After sewing the side and shoulder seams, finish the neck opening, arm holes, and bottom edge with a narrow hem blanket-stitched with colored yarn or heavy cotton embroidery twist. The pockets of colored gingham may be shaped like flower pots, measuring about five and one-half inches wide and six inches high, hemmed at the top edge and blanket-stitched on the apron. The fruits are cut from gingham of several colors and appliquéd with blanket stitching in the same thread used for the hems. These groups should be placed where the top edge of the pocket will partly conceal the fruits. Of course the pockets must be sewed on after the appliqué is done. A small gay fruit is placed at the neck opening in front.

A belt across the back, buttoning on at the underarm seams will restrain the fullness slightly and add to the attractiveness of the apron. This belt should be of two layers of the muslin and should measure, when finished, about sixteen inches long and two inches wide. Cut the ends rounded. Seam these two pieces together leaving a vent of about three inches through which to turn the belt right side out, then turn and blanket-stitch around. Make a single buttonhole at each end and sew the buttons on the under-arm seam at a low waist line. It would be well to make sure that sixteen inches is the right length for you before cutting the belt.

This design may be varied by making the pockets a different shape, or by using unbleached muslin with the appliqué decoration directly on them instead of above. The appliqué design is easily changed too, but you will find it will be much more effective on an unbleached muslin background, wherever you use it.

If your Mother was a June bride, and is fond of gardening, a gay apron may be a delightful gift for her anniversary. Or for somebody's birthday.





*They started off
in that direction,
anyhow*

The River Acres Riddle

CHAPTER V
Dick's Discoveries

*In which the wounded man talks in his
sleep, and strangers come to visit him*

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Illustrations by Harrison McCreary

See page 42 for what has happened so far in this story

IT was this way," went on Dick when the two girls had sufficiently exclaimed over his exciting advent. "I went down to Burnet's store last night after I left you, for I was pretty sure I'd meet a number of people there as you always do, and hear what was going on. And I was in luck, all right, for who should walk in but Abercrombie himself, and of course he had a lot to say about the accident.

"He's rather sore at having this strange fellow landed on him that way. Of course, he couldn't help himself at first. The thing happened about two o'clock in the morning—last Thursday morning it was. He heard a car go scorching by and suddenly an awful crash, and he ran out half-dressed and found this chap lying under the wreckage. Thought he was dead at first, but pulled him out and dragged him up to the house and got him on a bed. Then they found that outside of a badly wrenched foot and some surface cuts and bruises, he didn't seem to be much hurt—though how he could have escaped is a miracle. But when he came to, he acted awfully queer in the head—couldn't remember anything at all, not even his name. Abercrombie got the doctor up next morning and he said it was concussion of the brain—or something like that. Couldn't tell yet whether it was only temporary or might do him up for the rest of his life. Advised that he stay in bed a week or so and not be moved. Possibly might help the recovery.

"Abercrombie was sore, as I say. He's busy and over-

worked and didn't want the nuisance of having a sick stranger in his house. Wanted him taken away to the nearest hospital. But Mrs. Abercrombie and the old lady, his mother, were more soft-hearted and said to let him stay and they'd take care of him. Besides, Abercrombie said his

wallet contained quite a little money and he'd probably be glad to make it worth their while when he came to himself, or his folks would if they could be found. And I figure the Abercrombies aren't averse to making a little money on the side, as it were! Anyhow they kept him and—"

"But wasn't there anything about him to tell who he is?" demanded Dorita impatiently.

"I'm just coming to that. Abercrombie looked through his wallet in an effort to find out who he is. And, besides the money, he discovered his automobile license and his driver's license and, of course, his name. It seems it's 'Eric Leydorf,' and he appears to hail from Trenton; the license gave his address as somewhere there. Abercrombie said he took the trouble next day to call up the number in Trenton on the Long Distance and found no one connected with the man there. It proved to be a sort of boarding-house and Leydorf had a room there. Nothing special was known about him at that place, not even his business. He seemed to come and go at odd intervals and just kept his room there to sleep in occasionally.

"So that's that, but old man Keller was in the store while Abercrombie was talking and he said, 'Seems to me I remember a little kid named Eric Leydorf who used to live around these parts 'bout fifteen or twenty years ago—

down near the lower end of the river. Kind of poor family, the Leydorfs, mother and a lot of small children and the father dead. Mrs. Leydorf used to raise and sell vegetables, and Eric was a youngster of ten or so then. He used to drive the wagon around for her. They moved away after a while, nobody knows where. Maybe that young man's him. How old you calculate he'd be?"

"Abercrombie acknowledged that he seemed to be about twenty-five or thirty, so it's altogether likely he's the same kid that used to live here. That's important."

"Why?" demanded both girls in the same breath.

"Never mind, now. I'll explain that later. You haven't heard all I've got to tell yet! Abercrombie went on to say it was kind of hard on them having this stranger lying there ill and needing care. Specially tomorrow, as he and his wife have to drive that afternoon to the county town on some business and that would leave old Mrs. Abercrombie all alone with the sick man. She's very deaf and kind of feeble and Abercrombie didn't know quite what to do. And right there I saw my chance and spoke up!"

"I told him it was Saturday afternoon and I wouldn't be needed at the office, so I'd be very glad to help him out and go and sit with this Leydorf fellow till they got back. Abercrombie nearly fell all over himself trying to thank me, but he never suspected how dead crazy I was to get somewhere in the vicinity of that chap and see a few things for myself. So this very afternoon, Sherlock Holmes the Second has been right on the scene of action and, believe me, I didn't waste any opportunities!"

"Oh, Dick, what *did* you discover?" cried both girls, thrilled beyond any expressing by the adventure with which they were being brought in touch.

"Just you wait!" he went on with maddening exactitude. "I'm telling all this in the order it happened and don't you try to get me off the track. I drove over to Abercrombie's this afternoon, getting there just after he and his wife had left. The old lady showed me up to Leydorf's room and I sat down by the bed and watched him for the better part of three or four hours. There wasn't anything special to do. He just lay there sleeping and waking occasionally to mutter or twist and turn. His foot is still bad, though the old lady said he could get up and limp around on it a little. He isn't absolutely helpless. But he's all at sea about who he is or what's happened."

"What does he look like?" asked Mariette.

"He's a kind of tall, dark-haired chap, sort of skinny. Wouldn't be any good in athletics, I fancy. Nothing special about his looks in any way, good or bad. Kind of shifty-eyed, I imagine, when he's normal. Kept picking at the bedclothes nervously all the time with his hands. But the thing I was most interested in was when he was asleep or sort of dozing."

"I tried to talk to him when he was awake but he couldn't seem to answer one sensible question. Would just keep shaking his head and saying, 'No, no, no, no!' over and over again. But he dozed a great deal. Abercrombie had said he had broken a couple of ribs and the healing was pretty painful so the doctor had given him an opiate to ease it up. That made him drowsy."

"Well, as I say, he kept muttering and muttering whenever he dropped into a doze and I listened to beat the band, for I figured that here was where he'd be likely to give us some clue, if anything did. Most of it I couldn't even hear the words of. Then occasionally there'd be some stray word or two that didn't mean anything. For instance, he'd mutter, 'I said it! I said it!' over and over again, ten or fifteen times or more, or some other meaningless thing like that."

"But once he started right up in bed and fairly shouted, 'You come after me inside of twenty-four hours or I'll —!' Then he came to himself and opened his eyes and saw me. He sank back and groaned and asked for a drink of water, but I don't think he realized what he had been saying."

"Good gracious!" cried Dorita, interrupting. "That's just what happened. Someone *did* follow him—and inside of twenty-four hours at that. Could anything be plainer?"

"Yes, that's plain enough," acknowledged Dick. "And we've established the connection without question between him and that queer paper and the visitors who arrived the next night. But we still haven't the faintest idea what it's all about."

"Didn't he say anything else?" asked Mariette anxiously. "Oh, I *hope* he did."

"He said one more thing," admitted Dick, "and that's in my thinking, the most important one of all. It was just about five o'clock and I was expecting the Abercrombies back any minute. I was kind of disappointed that the chap hadn't said anything else, though what I'd got already might be pretty useful. He'd been tossing and twisting and muttering and had finally asked for another drink of water and dozed off again. I heard the Abercrombies drive in the yard, and I was just thinking I'd leave, when his nibs started up in bed again and hissed, 'It's the third—the *third*, I tell you! You get that right! It's important. No, no!—oh!—' And he came to himself again and stared right into my eyes. But he didn't seem



"It's the third—the *third*, I tell you"

to recognize me and just lay down and went to sleep again. I had to leave after that, but I guess that last remark meant something, all right!"

"Oh, Dick, what do you suppose it meant?" cried both girls.

"Well, I haven't had time to figure it all out yet, of course," Dick admitted. "I had to rush home to my supper after that and then I came straight here. But as soon as I get a chance tonight, I'm going to sit down and make a systematic history of the whole thing so far—all the clues we have—and see where it lands me. It's like working out a problem in mathematics—'Let x equal the unknown quantity'—and all that. The unknown quantity in this case would be the meaning of that bit of paper, I reckon!"

"Do you know, that's a wonderful idea!" cried Dorita, all sudden enthusiasm. "Let's all work the problem over, each one by herself—or himself—and compare notes on the results we get tomorrow. We'll probably each arrive at a different answer, but if we put them all together afterward, we might get something useful out of it."

"Not a bad scheme," agreed Dick. "I'm for it."

"I, too," chimed in Mariette. "But one thing is bothering me a lot. If that Leydorf fellow is muttering and talking much, someone else may hear what he says and suspect something and spoil all our mystery."

"Not much chance," said Dick. "To begin with, the old lady's the principal one who waits on him. They let her because they are all too busy and she hasn't so much to do and likes to fuss around him. Gives her something new to think about. But she's deaf as a post—you have to shout at her—and she'd never catch his mutterings any more than she'd fly. And besides that, she told me the doctor said he wasn't going to give him any more opiate. It was only for the first day or two to make things easier. I caught him just at the right time. He'll probably be very quiet from now on."

"Dick," began Mariette, "why did you say it was important that you discovered he'd lived around here as a small boy? I've been thinking about that and I really can't see the connection, somehow. He may have lived here as a child, but what's that got to do with all that happened the other night?"

"Well, as I figure it out, it's important in this way. Whatever he was up to,—and you'll have to admit he was up to something or he wouldn't have been busy pinning a strange-looking paper on your fence-post at two in the morning,—he wasn't exactly a stranger in these parts. He *knew* the region, so to speak, and had some reason for doing just what he did and choosing just that place for it. I'm more certain every minute that it wasn't something done just at random."

The idea gave them pause and they were all very quiet mulling it over through several silent moments. But suddenly Dorita exclaimed:

"Then, if he knew the region so well, will you tell me why he didn't slow up when he

was approaching that curve, instead of driving his car straight into a tree? That doesn't hold water!"

"That's very easily explained," countered Dick quietly. "You girls don't remember this because you didn't live here then, you came to live with your grandfather later. But about ten years ago that road up there hadn't any sharp curve in it. It ran straight on across what is now a meadow. Then the state was going to regrade the road and they decided to turn it off sharp there and around a curve to avoid going through a very boggy patch that they didn't want to bridge over. So they swung it round a curve and joined it to a regular route a little farther on. Leydorf probably never knew that—it was after he'd left—and he thought the road went straight on as per usual. Now do you see?"

The girls were silent with amazement at Dick's reasoning powers. There seemed no way of refuting that argument.

"Well, I must be going," said Dick, rising at last. "I want to run up past Abercrombie's and leave some liniment I promised to get for the old lady. She thinks it'll help some of Leydorf's sprains and bruises. And maybe I'll see or hear something new."

"But, Dick," cried Mariette, "you haven't told us yet what you think he meant by that last remark you heard him make before you left today. You must have *some* idea about it. Can't you tell us?"

"Consult that paper!" was all Dick would vouchsafe. And with this cryptic remark, he took his departure.

CHAPTER VI

Mrs. Rohrbach's Contribution

With so much that was new added to the factors of their puzzle, the girls decided that it would be wise to continue their nightly vigil over the road for at least one more time.

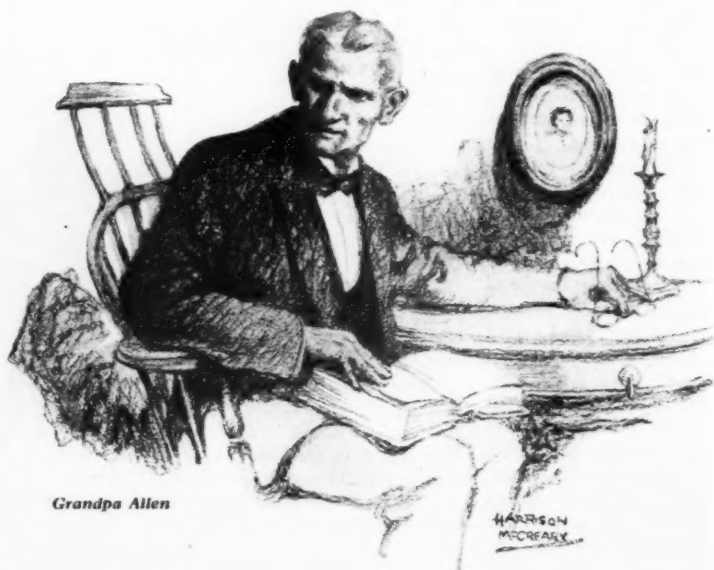
"I'm feeling rested," declared Dorita. "You see I was lying down and resting and sleeping pretty much all day, with that headache, and I feel as fresh as a daisy now. I'll take the first half of the night anyway and let you get a good rest. If I begin to get too sleepy, I'll call you. And while I'm watching, I'm going to think this thing all out, as Dick suggested, and put it all down on a piece of paper,—all the clues,—and see what I make of them."

"How are you going to do that when you're supposed to

(Continued on page 39)

A Lonely Lighthouse and two girls—

a stolen packet of mail, a lame man—small, sour-faced, sullen—whose malevolent eyes peered out of the shadow—these begin a new mystery serial by Clarice Detzer. There is Susan's father too, who bore a pirate's name that Susan couldn't explain, and thrills—and thrills—and thrills!



Grandpa Allen

HARRISON
MOOREHEAD

Let's Talk about Clothes

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor of the "Woman's Home Companion".

Illustration by Katharine Shane

HOW many girls do you know who always look nice, whether they're playing tennis or going to a party? And how many do you know who "never have a thing to wear"? Of course no one argues which is preferable.

Many of you, I presume, help select your clothes. I hope that some of you are already buying your own on an allowance. When we start managing our clothes budgets we make mistakes. But wearing out bad bargains does make us careful buyers next time. Most of what I know about dressing, I may as well admit, was learned in this hard school.

Being well-dressed at all times on a small amount of money is not easy. Sometimes you can't afford all the different costumes you think you need for the mornings, afternoons, and evenings of your lives. But right here you have to decide the biggest clothes question, and I'm sure you'll decide it wisely. It's better, I believe, to have two or three costumes and have them right, than it is to have a great many clothes, none of which quite suit. It isn't a small number of frocks that makes a girl say she has nothing to wear. She may have a closetful and still not have the right ones.

And so, what *are* right clothes? Well, to my mind, right clothes are simple, well-made, becoming, and suitable. And best of all comes simplicity.

Right clothes are simple clothes. Study the good designers. Watch the best dressed women. You will find that style and good taste always show up most distinctly in the simplest models. Not only is the inconspicuous frock in the best taste, but also most becoming to the majority of people. It stays in style longest and you can wear it threadbare without tiring yourself or the people that look at you.

Secondly, right clothes are well-made and of good materials. When you buy anything, you want to get your money's worth, and there's no economy in cheap, sleazy materials or poor workmanship.

Thirdly, right clothes are right for you. This is something I'm going to talk about next month, so I won't stop now to say more than that in my opinion, no matter how simple, how well-made, or how fashionable clothes are, if they aren't becoming they aren't right for you. Of course, what *makes* clothes becoming is the important thing—and that I'll try to tell you next month.

But the thing that I want to talk about now is the old question of never having anything to wear for the occasion that arises.

I believe in keeping clothes to a minimum whether you have a great deal of money to spend or a little, and I believe, as I said before, that the reason many of us "haven't a thing to wear," is

because the clothes we have are badly *bought*.

I have a few rules for my own buying that I'd like to pass on to you. The first is: never buy anything *separately*. By this I

mean that everything you buy should have some relation to the rest of your wardrobe. You may not like particularly what you already have, but you must wear the new with the old for some time at least. And if you're always starting a new set of clothes and never finishing out the old set, you'll find yourself badly dressed. It will help you with this rule if you not only build costumes but also color schemes. The best-dressed girls I know keep all their clothes to two or three harmonizing colors, such as the brown-beige range for brown-eyed girls, with soft rose, clear reds, or vivid greens for accents. Or navy blue as a background color, with lighter softer blues, and flesh pink or corn color for paler frocks (these combinations are often good for blondes). And for girls with ruddy hair, peach, bois de rose, rich forest greens and the lighter, springlike shades of green. Hair, eyes, and complexion give the cue.

The second rule is: never buy anything for which you don't see an immediate use. This may sound funny to you, but it keeps you from being deluded by "bargains" that really aren't. I used to be the kind of person who said in January, "Well, I guess I'll buy that yellow hat. It will be so nice to wear in June with a yellow dress if I get one." But I found that June came and I didn't get a yellow dress and there I was with a hat that I didn't need, and was tired of before I had ever worn it.

The third rule is: if you can't have many clothes, never buy conspicuous ones or extremes of fashion. Being conspicuous is never good taste and extreme fashions go out of style more quickly than they come in.

And my last rule is—and I believe it will surprise you—spend most of your money and thought on your everyday clothes. When you think this out, I believe you will agree with me. Everyday clothes get the greatest amount of wear and, therefore, should be of good materials and well-cut, so that they will stand up and not look shabby. Moreover, since you spend most of your time in your everyday clothes, isn't it sensible to prefer that they shall be the ones which shall be most becoming, most pleasing to the eye? So buy your everyday clothes, and then buy your clothes for other occasions, spending money in proportion to the amount of wear you are going to get out of them.

You can often economize on little party dresses, for they don't get hard wear and their pretty colors make up often for their inexpensive fabrics.

So much for buying. And now what about wearing? You never make so many mistakes in wearing

(Continued on page 46)



This is the sort of party dress girls are wearing right now, and usually it's made of taffeta in your favorite pink-as-an-apple-blossom blue-as-the-sky, or green-as-the-newest-spring-leaf

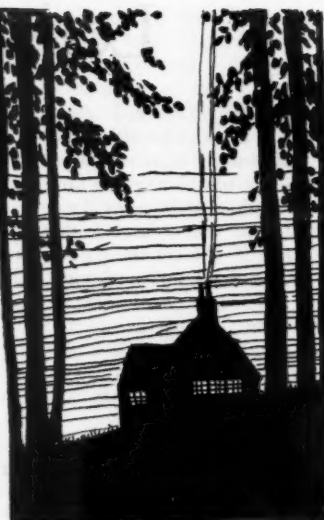


The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

The Beholder publishes your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book. Our heading this month is drawn by Celia Kelder, Age 17, Troop 75, Chicago, Ill.



Our Camp Pet

EVERYBODY that came to camp knew about our camp pet before she had been there five minutes. A most unique pet I am sure you'll agree—a young coyote. You see the great park we camp in also has a zoo. At this zoo five coyotes were born in the spring. One of them was thinner and smaller than the rest, and from the first did not seem to do well. He got rheumatism and his right foot became disjoined, causing him to limp painfully on three feet. After this his brothers picked on him and ate all the food before he could get any, so that he grew still thinner.

At this stage in his life the Girl Scouts came over from camp to visit the zoo, and learning of him, took him back with them. This change turned his misfortune to happiness, for he was very happy, tied to a tree at our back door, with plenty of scraps, a hollow-tile to sleep in, and much kindness.

Our troop arrived the second week of camp and Freddy was still afraid of having strangers pet him. He would get as far away from you as his rope permitted, his hair standing up, his ears more pointed if possible, than before, and growling way down in his throat. Of course you, too, would back at that, but after Freddy had looked you over, his hair would lie down and you could make your friendly advances. Even then he seemed nervous and would twitch and keep his eye on you all the while you were petting him.

When Freddy went back to the zoo on the day we broke camp, he was fatter and stronger than when he came, and I fancy he stood up for himself among his brothers after that.

MARGARET KING,
Troop 21, Sioux City, Iowa.

A Nest of Rabbits

Squeak! Squeak!

"Whoa," I shouted at the horse. I quickly jumped off the hayrack and ran behind. There on the ground was a straw nest around which seven or eight

young rabbits were sprawling. I jerked my large straw hat from my head. While I gathered the brim in one hand, I picked up some running bunches of gray fur with the other. Several had already jumped off and were trying to hide. When I had them all in my hat, I had exactly eight fat rabbits about four inches long. Evidently, I had disturbed a warm, sunny bath in the open meadow while the mother rabbit was away.

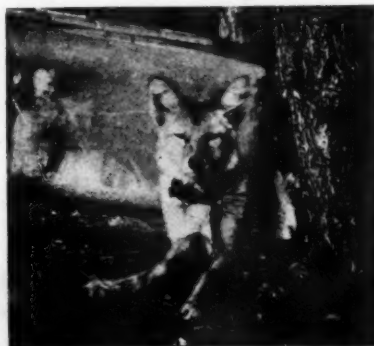
BETTY RENNER,
Wallkill, New York.

Consolation

I saw one stately pine tree
That grew upon a hill;
And all the life around it
Was withered up and still.
The wind sang through its branches
In mournful lonesome tune,
As though it loved that pine tree
So brave and all alone.

"Oh! don't be lonesome, pine tree,"
That soft wind seemed to say;
"It can't be always winter;
Spring will come again some day!"
The great tree swayed in the laughing
wind,
Said he, "Now skies are blue,
I'll always love this lonely world
As long as I have you!"

CORALIE COWLES,
Age 16, Troop 1, Mattapan, Mass.



Troop 21 of Sioux City, Ia., being enterprising, borrowed a coyote as camp pet

A Silver Spoon to the Rescue

One day we discovered, in a raspberry bush, a lovely little nest. It belonged to a pair of yellow warblers.

The next time we went to the nest, there were three small eggs and one large egg. A cowbird had slipped onto the nest when the rightful owners were away and laid an egg. Then she had gone off to enjoy herself and leave the warblers to take care of her baby.

We knew just what would happen: when the parents brought food for their own babies, the young cowbird would push and get most of the food, or he might even kick the warblers out of the nest because he was so much bigger than they.

Usually if a bird's eggs are touched by a human hand, the bird will desert the nest. Finally someone of us thought of a silver spoon. We took the egg out quite easily with the spoon and broke it. The warblers hatched in a little while and learned to fly.

BETTY FLYNN,
Age 14, Troop 26, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Partridge Nest

One day while my father and I were picking arbutus he called my attention to a bird sitting on the ground. When we went over to where it was sitting we saw that it was a partridge and as soon as she saw us she started to fly. She had been setting on a nest containing eleven eggs. The eggs were buff color and the size of a guinea hen's egg. The nest, which was the size of a crown of a hat and was lined with twigs and pine needles, stood at the base of three small saplings. After watching the nest for about three weeks we saw that the eggs had hatched. They were completely cracked in two. The nest was on the edge of a well-traveled road, but the traffic did not seem to disturb the partridge. As often as we visited the nest before the eggs were hatched, she did not seem to be disturbed by our presence.

BETTY BROPHY,
Age 14, Red Rose Troop, Nahma, Mich.

Garden Time's Here

A Tree for Each Patrol

Troop 85 of Upper Darby, Pa., celebrated Girl Scout Week by planting five trees—one for each patrol. To be sure the gardener dug the holes, and spaced the trees exactly on the boundary line of the school grounds; but the rest of the program belonged to the Girl Scouts themselves. Early in the morning the troop marched from the school building, formed a semi-circle around each tree in turn, and planted them during a formal program directed by a Master of Ceremonies.

How to Plant Trees

Suggestions by Fay Welch, a Specialist

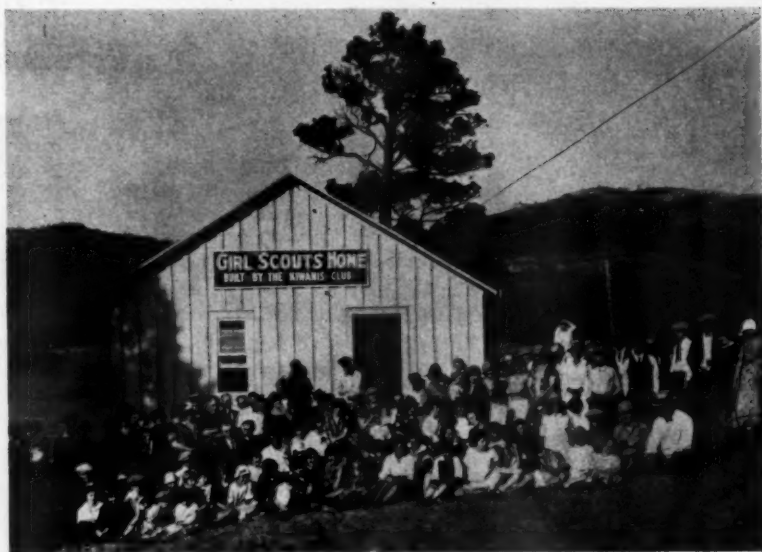
There is no season of the year when one cannot go out and gather the ripened seeds of some species of tree. Some mature in the spring, others in summer, the majority in autumn, and many cling to the branches throughout part or all of the winter.

Spring is the time to plant seeds of the Maples, Ashes, Elms, Locusts, Basswoods, Birches, and others of the shallower rooted species in beds, where the seedlings remain for one or two years before final planting. These beds, in which the seeds can be planted broadcast or in drills about four inches apart, should not be more than three feet wide so that when weeding, one can easily reach to the center from either side. The beds should be covered with a layer of sterile sand—that is, free from roots and earth—about one inch thick, and the seeds planted about a quarter inch below the surface. This sand will greatly decrease your trouble in keeping the seedlings free from weeds.

Seeds of the Pines, Spruces, and other conifers should be planted in early spring in seed beds like those just described. The little conifers—try that word on a parent!—however, will do better if they are given partial shade during the period of germination and the first two or three months of growth. Then after two years in the seed beds, they are best transferred to a transplant bed and left there another year or two before final planting in the field.

Most coniferous seeds should be gathered in the fall and stored in air-tight containers. One should remember that cones are not seeds, and usually when the open cones fall to the ground the little winged seeds which were borne within each scale are gone. The cones should be gathered from the trees just before opening, dried until they open and the seeds rattled out. It will be easier to plant the seeds in the spring if the wings are rubbed off before storing.

Those who wish to obtain more information concerning the growing of trees can do so by writing the New York State Conservation Commission, Albany, N. Y.; the N. Y. State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N. Y.; the N. Y. State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.; or



The Kiwanis Club of Lewistown, Mont., chose a glorious mountain spot in which to build a cabin for Girl Scouts

similar sources in other states. Excellent detailed information is contained in the book *Seeding and Planting* by Toumey, published by John Wiley & Sons.

Capitalizing the Season

"Of course you've already thought how to capitalize the season," Gladima Scout mentioned reflectively.

"An excellent plan was worked out on the Pacific Coast," she went on. "There a whole troop was hired out Saturday mornings, though not every girl had the Gardener's badge in the beginning. But the Captain or her experienced Lieutenant directed the work of measuring plots and rows, of hoeing, spading, planting, trimming, and so on. When the girls finished at a place, they asked for a testimonial from the owner, which helped to convince some prospective employers that Girl Scout work was to be relied on.

"And oh, let me tell you," continued Gladima triumphantly, reaching deep into a baggy pocket. She drew out the following note: "Read this!"

Home Warming Our Cabin

Last summer the Kiwanis Club of Lewistown, Mont., built a fine, large cabin in the mountains for the Girl Scouts. Land was donated for the purpose through the generosity of Mrs. Lydia Brust. You will notice from the photograph what a delightful spot we have, and I can add that there is even a cold spring, which makes an ideal cold storage place for provisions.

Last August twenty-third we held a big Kiwanis-Girl Scout picnic. Our Director, Mrs. Georgia Gillette, talked on the work of the Girl Scouts, the flag was hoisted, our Pledge and our Laws were given, and the *Star Spangled Banner*

sung, just as it is done in camp every morning.

Then came the piece de résistance—a one-act play written by our Director, and called *A Girl Scout's Honor*. This play was symbolic of almost any day in camp, where obedience to our Scout Laws, flag signalling, first aid, forms of outdoor fireplaces, shelters, and the Pioneer Test, completely worked out by the Girl Scouts for the benefit of the visitors, and thus forming their own test for the "Pioneer" Merit Badge, were used to show some of the work done by Girl Scouts. Songs were sung to various members of the Kiwanis Club who had particularly helped in the work. Then another group of Scouts used the Indian Thanksgiving dance as a means of saying "Thank you" to the Kiwanis, laying down their ear of corn at the feet of the Directors of the Kiwanis Club.

One evening during the week before the picnic, a group of about twenty of the Kiwanis Club came out armed with paint and brushes, and painted the cabin. The Girl Scouts had prepared a very good supper for them and they certainly seemed to appreciate it from the way in which it disappeared. They voted that Girl Scouts had learned to be good cooks as well as naturalists.

From Canada

Here, too, our forest of Girl Scout-and-Guide planted trees grows apace—as in St. Catherine's, Ont. And such quantities of news! A sports competition in Winnipeg, ambulance work demonstrated in Montreal, beautiful ceremonies to dedicate the colors in British Columbia and Saskatchewan. Impossible to tell all. Moral: write to a Canadian Girl Guide through our International Post Office.



ABOVE: What a change from the days of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer! Yet the same old Mississippi River, where our two book friends lazily drifted, here flows past the St. Louis Girl Scouts of to-day

RIGHT: Our National Board of Directors, coming from every part of the country, will meet us all in St. Louis. Here they are leaving Headquarters for Inisfad, home of Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, our Treasurer



ABOVE: From an old trail leading west, this King's Highway grew into the spacious, modern boulevard you see here. Your Captain will enjoy a stroll along it, and a glimpse of these buildings, perhaps in company with new friends met at the Convention. In fact, she will be tempted to more than one stroll in the beautiful spring month when Girl Scout leaders will be meeting in a region that, unless something goes wrong with the weather, will be all aflower and abloom



Every Road L

Tell your Captain not to miss these Scout Convention, of course—in St.



RIGHT: Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, our Honorary President, center, will telegraph greetings to us in St. Louis. Mrs. Juliette Low, left, and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, right, will personally meet your Captain, your Commissioner—all of us



LEFT: These St. Louis Girl Scouts, here on a hike across Eads Bridge, will be among those to present a pageant in honor of all Convention visitors. Your Captain will wish to see it

RIGHT: Mrs. Jane D. Rippin, our National Director, whom eager Captains and officers fairly besiege at a Convention, here awards a Thanks Badge to Mme. Olga Malkowska of Poland



Lads to St. Louis

these times. Where? At our National Girl
n St. Louis, April twentieth to twenty-fourth



LEFT: Plans for Convention are crystallising. Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Edey, and our President, Dean Arnold, join in warm invitation that every Girl Scout leader share the happy, friendly days of April 20-24.



ABOVE: Girl Scouts will act as pages at the Convention and, upon request, as guides to such charming spots as this hill in the Chain of Rocks Park. Help your Captain to go! Ask for news when she returns



LEFT: Girl Scouts of Virginia, who have just received awards, are crowding as close as good manners permit to these three well-loved figures in Girl Scouting—our Founder, our Honorary President, and our First Vice-President



ABOVE: Fort Bellefontaine, an old fort of the Civil War, built its powder house close to the Mississippi River. Perhaps, in April, your Captain will visit this historic relic, too. Trees and shrubs will then be showing the young green of early spring, and in the air will be that indefinable feeling, arising from the spring itself and the companionship of Girl Scout leaders from every corner of the country, that all and everything is possible for the year ahead



RIGHT: Through the heart of the Ozark Mountains flows the Arcadia River. Shadowed woodland or warm, sandy beaches in which to dig your toes, lie equally inviting, and promise summer once more

LEFT: Foreign Girl Scout leaders often visit our headquarters. Some will even attend our Convention, and exchange ideas with your Captain and other leaders on camping, games, recipes



The Rain God's Revenge

(Continued from page 9)

"It is a cave," Nita disclosed in solemn, thrilled voice, "where the goats disappear when they leap into space. A place you'd never dream of, and where I've never been before."

So taken up with the ardor of the explorer was Nita, it was almost with reluctance that she made her way over the pass the next morning to the camp. But once with the girls she forgot everything else. Horses were saddled, and Nita led the band by easy stretches to a spring above the camp, where she made them dismount, and rest in a glade.

"Let's eat lunch here, and then do a little climbing by foot," Nita suggested. "You'll all be saddle-sore if you overdo on the first day."

They lay there till late afternoon, when Nita herded them out and along a foot-path that mounted to a point above the goat cave and looked dizzily down into Box Canyon more than a thousand feet below. There the stone lodge could be made out, a toy house, while on the trail below them a procession of toy goats wound its way along a ledge that seemed no more than six inches wide. From this point of vantage Nita could see that one might easily follow the mountain crest and drop down to the hog's back which she had climbed up the evening before.

"I've discovered a new way home," she announced to the girls. "I don't believe it would take as long as to go 'way round by the pass."

There seemed to be also a steep natural path by which one could climb down to the goat path. She dropped down to see.

In a moment Nita stood in a little pass wallied with smooth, colorful rock, opening apparently upon space. A cautious step or two, and she looked about, above, below. There before her eyes, faint, but unmistakable, was a procession of goats; absurd goats, but exactly like the pictures at the ruins. A squeal of delight escaped her, as, incredulous, she clambered on a rock to peer more closely at the old drawings. At once, she heard the girls hallooing in dismay down the little pass. "All right," she called, "coming right up."

There must be some connection, *there must!* It was wild to hope, but hope is the prerogative of youth. But as the days passed and she and the girls with her negotiated the pass and found themselves breathless upon the trail, which fortunately widened out somewhat at this point, exploring the goat cave to their own delight and the annoyance of the goats, no sign of a silver mine appeared, nor even a glimpse of a quartz-bearing vein.

The weather grew hotter and hotter, almost unbearable. Old Koo-Nah came early one morning and Nita looking at him reproachfully, said, "Koo-Nah, Rain God doesn't bring rain. I think Rain God unlucky, not much good."

A pained look crossed Koo-Nah's withered face and he raised his head proudly, "Rain God he bring much good no matter what anything. You see."

"Koo-Nah," Nita pursued, "where did Indians find silver for beads before white man brought money?"

A look of almost humorous cunning seemed to rest fleetingly on the old Indian's face, and he pointed towards the Sagrados.

"Rain God know. Old Indian no know." And not another word would he utter.

It was when the strain of the heat was at its height that one night shortly afterwards, Nita, dashing to the water olla that hung in the window to afford some coolness by evaporation, saw a lean brown hand with clutching fingers reaching up towards the sill. Jumping aside, she knocked the neglected little Rain God from its place, and it fell, smashing into half a dozen pieces, so that only its reproachful little round mouth remained and one stupid eye. Mrs. Merriweather gasped. Oh, of course, she wasn't really superstitious, but then, you know—and they'd had such bad luck!

"Oh, the nasty little thing," exploded Nita revengefully. But her father seized the pieces and hastily rushed to the water pail. Nita left him assaying and trounced out of doors to sleep on her cot under the stars, saying nothing of her fright.

Late the next afternoon Nita stood with her twelve followers upon a piney crest almost at the mountain top. A strange haze hung through the balsam and spruce, "almost like a forest fire," said Molly Shelton.

"No, there's going to be rain, I believe," Nita considered thoughtfully. "We've got to be making tracks down the mountainside right now."

So the descent was begun. From the sky meadow they could look far down into canyons on both sides of the mountain, and far away over plains, and north to snow-clad peaks, in a vast pattern of sun and shadow. Suddenly one of the girls said, "Look, Nita, what is that down there?" and she pointed down to their right into the Box Canyon. It was as black as pitch, and the mountains and plain beyond were black, for above them hung a great lowering cloud which they had not noticed from the sunlit hilltop.

In less than ten minutes the entire sky was dark, lightning was flashing, and Nita was secretly much alarmed, for she knew the rapidity with which a mountain storm breaks, and its dangers.

Suddenly a terrific crack near at hand galvanized the girls. The horses started to bolt, then steadied with the intelligence of the mountain pony. A shaft of lightning had shattered an enormous hemlock not fifty feet away. Great drops of water began to fall here and there. A deep and terrible roar came to the girls, from far below it sounded. Their eyes turned involuntarily to Box Canyon, and there beneath them they saw what looked like a maelstrom, a great waterfall and a whirlpool at the foot of the cliff.

"Oh, dear Father, it is a cloudburst," screamed Beth. "Nita, Nita, save us!"

"Quick," shouted Nita, whirling off Pinto. Kissing his nose and giving him

a swift slap she sent him off towards the down trail. "Dismount," she screamed to her band, "we can't make it, and the horses can't make it with us on their backs. They'll take care of themselves." And she herded the awe-struck girls toward the rock ladder leading to her goat cave. It was a dangerous descent in the rain, with the footholds wet and slippery, but quicker and safer than to try the long descent to camp.

Lightning flashed, thunder cracked in ear-splitting volleys directly over their heads and reverberated with an awful majesty from peak to peak. Sobbing and stumbling the girls followed Nita down the narrow trail to the cave.

Down below in the little homestead at the canyon's foot two anxious people peered from the doorway toward the mountainside. Suddenly, with a great and muffled roar, the black cloud hanging over the crest let down a curtain of rain.

"Cloudburst," yelled Mr. Merriweather above the thunder and general din. The water was hitting the earth with such violence and in such great volume that it was dashed back up into the air for at least fifty feet. This was the maelstrom that the girls had seen from above. A great current of wind set in motion by the terrific displacement of air came sweeping down the canyon and carried the tent house entirely away.

Boulders loosened in the mad rush of water down mountain sides, tumbled and knocked against one another as they were borne down across the mesa.

Huddled in the center of the adobe main house Mr. and Mrs. Merriweather belied their names. "Oh, if only Nita is safe, if only Nita is safe, I won't mind the tent house," moaned poor Mrs. Merriweather.

Then a rumbling and crashing was heard, and a sound unlike anything they had known before turned their gaze to the window. An enormous rock was hurtling ponderously down the canyon, borne by the unloosed waters. It turned and turned, and came straight towards them. Mrs. Merriweather fainted, and as Nita's father held her in his arms the stone stopped, not twenty feet away.

Up in the mountain cave ten stricken, clinging girls huddled in the darkness and found comfort and security in knowing that these furious elements could not now touch them.

Within the cave it was dry, for the floor fortunately slanted out instead of in, and at the back became comfortably level. Crash after crash, and then one more terrible than the rest, when the very mountain side seemed to be wrenching away. It seemed hours later when one of them stirred. They had been sleeping from fatigue and emotional exhaustion. All noise had ceased, except a quiet, musical dripping, but the night was still black as a raven's wing.

"Who has an electric torch, if anyone?" Nita asked from the darkness.

"I have," Beth spoke up proudly. "It smells awful in here, there's some-

(Continued on page 37)

Coming—a girl who met a bandit

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Market)
 Albany—45 Columbia St. (cor. N. Pearl)
 Alhambra—655 Hamilton St.
 Altoona—Bendheim's, 1282-11th Ave.
 Arkansas City—Newman Dry Goods Co.
 Asheville—Pollock's
 Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (cor. Shermans)
 Augusta, Ga.—Saxon-Cullum Shoe Co.
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
 Bangor—John Connors Shoe Co.
 Asheville—Pollock's
 Birmingham—Parler City Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
 Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
 Boston—109 Newbury St. cor. Chardon St.
 Bridgeport—1825 Main St. (2nd floor)
 Brockton—Model Shoe Store
 Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Hannover Place)
 Buffalo—441 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
 Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
 Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
 142 N. State St. (2nd floor Butler Bldg.)
 1850 Leland (near Broadway)
 1410 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodhull)
 1488 Monroe Ave. (Rogers Park)
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
 Cleveland—1785 Euclid Ave.
 Colorado Springs—Woolf Shoe Co.
 Columbus, O.—184 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.
 Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
 Decatur—Raupe & Son
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
 Des Moines—W. I. White Shoe Co.
 Detroit—2038 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)
 Dubuque—J. F. Stamper Co.
 Duluth—197 West First St. (near 1st Ave. W.)
 Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.
 Elmhurst—C. W. O'Brien
 Erie—Weschler Co., 924 State St.
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery
 Evansville—318 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
 Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 242 Main St.
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 Grand Rapids—Herscheidt Co.
 Greensboro, N. C.—Robt. A. Silla Co.
 Greenville—Pollock's
 Hamilton, Ont.—4 John St., North (at King)
 Harrisburg—217 No. 2nd St.
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Bks.
 Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
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 Houston—265 Gulf Bldg. (elevator)
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl Co.
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 Ithaca—Bertheloch Bros.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—241 Logan St. (opp. Seminole Hotel)
 Jersey City—Rembert's, 411 Central Ave.
 Johnstown, Pa.—E. Zang
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
 Kansas City, Mo.—308 Altman Bldg.
 Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Steile & Son
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
 Lancaster, Pa.—Watt and Shand
 Lansing—F. N. Arnsperg Co.
 Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son
 Lewiston—Laney-Wellman, 118 Lisbon St.
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
 Lima—The Sill Shoe Co.
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Fugh Bldg.)
 Long Beach, Cal.—516 Pine Ave.
 Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
 Lowell—The Bon Marche
 Lynn—Goddard Bros.
 Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
 Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store
 Mansfield—Barnwell Shoe Co.
 Marquette—Jacob Rose & Sons
 Memphis—28 No. Second St.
 Milwaukee—Brewer Shoe Co.
 Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South
 Minnesota—Minnesota Mercantile Co.
 Mobile—L. H. Britton
 Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
 Montreal—Keefer Bldg. (St. Catherine, W.)
 Mount Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
 Nashville—J. A. Meadows & Sons
 Newark—497 Broad St. (Second floor)
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
 New Brunswick, N. J.—A. V. Harding & Sons
 New Haven—190 Orange St.
 New Orleans—189 Baronne St. (2nd floor)
 14 W. 49th St. (South of Library)
 142 Lexington Ave. (at 66th St.)
 345 E. Fordham Rd. (at Marion Ave.)
 290 Third Ave. (132nd St.)
 13 John St. (Bet. Nassau and B'way)
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 Niagara Falls—Jenas Bros.
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 Ottawa, Ont.—311 Slater St. (near Banks)
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 Providence—The Boston Store
 Reading—Sig. S. Schwermer
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sytle
 Roanoke—1, Bechbach Shoe Co.
 Rochester—17 Gibbs St. (at East Ave.)
 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
 St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)
 St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
 Sacramento—1912 K Street
 Saginaw—Goeschel-Kulper Co.
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
 San Diego—The Marston Co.
 San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
 Santa Barbara—Smith & Son
 Scranton—Lewis & Rattley
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
 Shrewsbury—Phelps Shoe Co.
 Sioux City—The Feltner Co.
 South Bend—Ellsworth Store
 Spokane—The Crescent
 Springfield, Mass.—Furness & Wallace
 Stamford, Conn.—L. Spence & Son
 Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
 Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Trust Bldg.)
 Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
 Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
 Torrington—Bulford's Shoe Shop
 Trenton—H. M. Vanden & Bro.
 Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)
 Tulsa—Lynn's Sible Store
 Utica—28 Blandine St. Cor. Union
 Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
 Waco—Davis-Smith Bootery
 Washington—1115 F Street (2nd floor)
 Waterbury—Hewland-Hughes Co.
 Waterville, Me.—N. Hillen & Sons
 Wheeling—Geo. R. Taylor Co.
 Wichita Falls—Sanderford Bootery
 Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
 Williamsport—John B. Irvin
 Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.
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WHEN Dr. Harvey J. Howard of the Rockefeller College at Peking, was captured by Manchurian bandits on July 20, 1925, he was wearing the Cantilever oxfords pictured above. For ten exciting weeks these shoes were subjected to the most extreme kind of wear. Through swamps and rivers, over wild rocky country, into almost impenetrable forests, these shoes protected Doctor Howard's feet and helped him to keep going. They undoubtedly saved his life because in shoes less comfortable or durable, his feet would not have permitted him to stand the grueling pace of the bandits; and a prisoner who interfered with their flight would have been murdered and left in the path of the pursuing soldiers, set in motion upon demand of the U. S. Government.

Doctor Howard had to cover as much as forty miles at a time on foot. Could your feet stand this test in the shoes you are wearing? Few Girl Scouts will ever have to find out. But everyone can appreciate that shoes which serve the feet so splendidly as the pair of Cantilevers shown above are good shoes to



Letter from Doctor Howard's wife to the Cantilever Store in Boston

Peking, China
October 21, 1925.

DEAR SIR:

The object of this letter is not to make the commonplace statement that your shoes have proved highly satisfactory, although such has been the case. It is to express the gratitude of my children and myself to the manufacturers of the Cantilever shoe, for their share in bringing my husband safely and well, through ten weeks of terrible hardship with bandits in Manchuria during the past summer and autumn.

On the day that he was captured, Doctor Howard had on his light-weight Cantilever oxfords which he had already worn a year without having had a single repair. In spite of the fearful abuse which these shoes received day and night during his long, strenuous captivity, they held up to the very last.

The bandits marveled at my husband's shoes which looked so incapable of hard usage but which never gave out, while theirs were breaking down every day. If his shoes had given out, there were no others to take their place.

Although my husband almost worships these precious shoes, I am nevertheless sending them on by registered parcel post for you to see and to keep among your relics.

Very sincerely yours,

[Signed] RENÉ HOWARD.
(Mrs. H.)

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Books for April's Rainy Days

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

I AM taking almost all my space this month for one book, but when you come to its name you will not be surprised. You made it yourself, in a way: that is, if it had not been for your advice this would not have been the sort of book it is. Yes: you guessed it—

Girl Scout Short Stories. Edited by Helen Ferris, editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and Alice Mary Kimball. Published for Girl Scouts, Inc., by Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Did you know that publishers are especially glad to get really good stories for girls and rejoice exceedingly when they do? Because—and perhaps you didn't know this—they are almost the hardest of all stories to get. Writing for children is much easier; by the time we are old enough to be authors we either have some child in the family to tell stories to and then write them down or we can recall what it was like to be little. But the growing girl is not a child at all; that is, not for long at a time. Some days you may get out the box of paper-dolls or spend the afternoon rearranging the dolls' house, but it's not in the spirit of your little sister, and the very next day you may be cutting out a party frock that you can never get quite grown-up enough to suit. If you have five dollars to spend on your feet, no one can tell whether you will get skates or gilt slippers. And the thoughts you think—long, long thoughts of romance and adventure, of why things are so and how they ought to be different. And though you go in flocks and chatter like sparrows, how often in those thoughts of yours you feel the loneliest creature in all the world! You're growing up, you see, and you find it very hard to tell us grown-ups what you really think and believe about the world, and what really interests you most in life, possibly because you are not quite sure about it yourself, and partly because you think that, being grown-ups, we are too old to know much. So you see we have to guess what sort of story you are going to like—and most writers guess

too young. I used to lend "juveniles" to a girl I knew so she could tell me if children would like them, until she said, "Did you know I was sixteen, Mrs. Becker? You lend me such young books!" I had forgotten that at my age I could get more fun out of "young books" than she could at hers. So when I come upon a book that is the right age for growing girls I tell people about it.

There are five groups of stories in "your" book: mystery, animal, history, Girl Scout, and interesting girls of today; that is the way you chose the subjects in the contest, and these are the chosen stories. There is plenty of action for those who like it: one girl fights a wolf, one a crocodile, and one a band of Indians. There are delightful animal stories and none of the dogs die; I don't know if you are like me in this, but I simply cannot bear to have dogs die in books; it is bad enough in real life when you can't help it. Strongheart, the movie dog, is here, and I only wish birds as fascinating as *Pompadour* and *the Bird in the Bush* would nest in my front yard. There are stories of real romance, both in history and in the life of today, and scattered about are articles on how to make and to do things, with recipes here and there—one is for a "blushing bunny" and it sounded so good I made it before I went on with the book and it really tastes even better than it sounds. Even the poems are better than most poems in young folks' magazines: these were not written for the book, but selected for it with great care, from the writings of famous poets of today. John Masefield is one, and Walter de la Mare, and young Hilda Conkling, and I was rejoiced to find *Velvet Shoes*, by Elinor Wylie, loveliest of poems about snow. I do not know why this poem should make me so happy, but it does; the kind of happy that makes you wonder if you are going to cry. Beautiful poetry can do that, you know.

If you do not like one kind of story, you will another—and none of the tales are "young" except perhaps one about an

A lonely lighthouse, a girl who bore the name of a pirate, a stolen package of mail—

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echo, by Edith Ballinger Price, and that is so deliciously funny that I laughed and laughed, and I'm no Brownie, I can tell you. Oh yes, there are pictures, too, some in color.

This being a number with special attention to gardening, you may want to hear about a book or two that will help you in planning or carrying out a garden. *The Little Garden*, by Mrs. Francis King (Little, Brown) is not only practical and encouraging; but it is good for anyone, and would be especially good for girls with a small plot and a small purse. Indeed, there is a book in the same series, Kate Brewster's *The Little Garden for Little Money* (Little, Brown) that is prepared with the idea of involving the least possible expense. If you are going in for flowers especially, there is a book called *Flower Growing* (Doubleday, Page) in which the staff of the *Garden Magazine* united to cover all branches of the subject. And if you want to read a story from real life, with a very real girl and her mother in it, and a garden that grows in Vermont (where my summer home is), there is a new book called *Dipper Hill*, by Anne Bosworth Greene (Century), the same who wrote about *A Lone Winter* in Vermont, but this time she has her daughter with her.

Another matter I have been asked by one of you to tell about is concerned with the forming of a library by a girl who buys her books out of her allowance or with money that she earns, and so can't afford high prices. It isn't necessary to pay them, either, for books of sterling worth, fascinating novels and books that treat subjects of great interest from the standpoint of specialists. If you haven't heard of *Everyman's Library*, you have been missing something. It is a series of several hundred fine titles of every sort of book, published by Dutton, 683 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., at ninety cents apiece, beautifully bound; another lovely series is *The World's Classics*, Oxford University Press, 35 West 32nd Street, N. Y. Another is the *Home University Library*, Henry Holt, 19 West 44th Street, N. Y., which is not fiction and covers so many subjects I do not wonder they speak of it as a college at home. Still another series is the *Modern Students*, published by Scribner, 597 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., and a new one is the dark green and gold *Modern Reader's Library* from Macmillan, 60 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. If you send for the lists of these books from the publishers, you will see what a tremendous choice they give you, and if you form the habit of getting one with your own money now and again, and of letting the family know that you would welcome some special book on a birthday, you will see a line forming on your bookshelf, a neat red or blue or brown line that makes any room look well furnished and that will not go out of fashion. Many of these books will come, no doubt, from school and college requirements, but be sure that some are included from purely voluntary choice. And some day years from now you may be taking one of them down from the shelf in your own home and thinking how glad you are that you began that library when you were a young girl with not much money to spend.

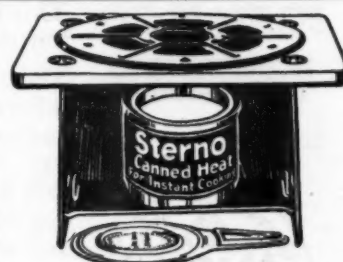
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Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Chocolate Molasses Sponge Bars.
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References—

Name—1 Address
Name—2 Address
Name of Troop Captain
Address City State

In writing to advertisers mention "The American Girl"

The Rain God's Revenge

(Continued from page 32)

thing dying," spoke up one of the girls, "or dead. Nita, don't you get a whiff of it every now and then? Oooh, what do you suppose it is?"

Beth's torch flashed on at this point, made a circle of drenched, tousled heads, a low ceilinged cave, and well to the back, out of reach of the girls, a cowering, silent bunch of goats. A roar of laughter went up—they looked, and smelt, so funny.

Someone had some matches in a waterproof safe, and someone had the two cans of soup that they were to have had for lunch, Nita had chocolate and crackers, and there was enough moss with twigs in the corners of the cave to make a merry little fire. So about ten o'clock they had a lunch and got dried out a bit and cheered themselves up reflecting "no matter how worried they may all be about us now, think how relieved they'll be in the morning."

The frantic searching party that met the girls shortly after sunrise the next morning as they scrambled down the slope, apparently none the worse for having been through a cloudburst, and having slept on the rockiest bed in the world, shouted with relief. The girls looked fresh and shining. But they were marvelously glad to pile upon the horses brought out to meet them.

Nita embraced Pinto in her joy, and turned at once toward home. No one had news of her parents. She made as good time as possible down the trail, and reached Box Canyon within an hour, in spite of mud and slippery places. Looking back up at the mountainside, and along the goat ledge with a thankful thought for the cave, Nita, alive to every change in the face of the rock, saw what she had been unable to see when she had been up there herself.

Just above the cave entrance a great raw spot was exposed; it would scarcely have been visible to one who was not looking for it.

As Nita and Pinto cantered out of the canyon and came upon the scene at the homestead Nita's heart stood still. Before the adobe house rested a great rock; out from behind it stepped her father.

"Nita, darling, you are all right?" he cried in relief. Mrs. Merriweather came to the door and in a moment they were in one another's arms.

"But I say, look here," called Mr. Merriweather. "Come, come here, Mother. Do you see, you two?" and he leaned over the boulder which had come near annihilating them and cracked at it with his prospecting hammer. In the bright morning sunlight the rock sparkled and gleamed, pretty white quartz. And running through it clear veins of silver.

"Daddy, Daddy," screamed Nita, "I know just where it broke off; I saw the spot. Let's go right now." And she told them what they had heard during the storm and what she had seen this morning.

"It most likely is the place," Mr. Merriweather spoke thoughtfully, "and it's our claim by right of discovery, but—but eat your breakfast first and we'll see."

While they sat about the table the crunching of a horse's feet on the gravel-strewn earth outside was heard, and the familiar voice of Mr. Jim Kenyon called out, "Oh, ho, the Merriweathers! You weren't entirely carried away by the storm, I hope?"

"I see we got rain at last, but it didn't seem to do your garden much good," and Kenyon grinned as though he enjoyed the view of devastation. "You really should have sold out to me, Merriweather. How about it? The offer still stands."

"No, I don't believe I care to, thanks, Kenyon. I imagine it will pay me to hold on a little longer."

"What do you mean?" the visitor's eyes suddenly flashed cool and hard.

"I'll show you," and Jim Merriweather strode out into the sunshine and toward the big rock, followed by his family and their early caller.

Kenyon started, then glanced involuntarily at Nita, a look of understanding dawning in his eyes. Instantly, she realized that he knew from what part of the mountain the great rock had broken.

"All right," said Kenyon shortly, "have it your way, but the laws of this state favor the staked claim." With no further words he turned, swung a heel over his fine horse, and cantered swiftly back up the canyon.

The Merriweathers stood and watched him disappear. Suddenly Nita jumped: "Father," she shrieked in sudden realization, "father, the little hatchet. Quick, that man's going to stake a claim. Quick." She was already on Pinto's back, faithful Pinto, tethered near and munching his grain.

"Get Petey out of the corral and follow!" Her words were lost in the clatter of Pinto's hoofs as they struck sparks in his flight.

"Go it, Nita, good girl, but be careful," Mr. Merriweather's words, too, were lost, for Nita was already a hundred feet away, and he himself half way to the corral.

Then began a race that was to be an oft-told story in the Merriweather family. Up the canyon, Pinto's small hoofs hurled stones right and left spitefully.

Of the pursued there was no sign except the marks of a horse's hoofs on the soft earth of the trail. Pinto sprang upward as though he would take the mountain at a bound. Nita did not spur him but gave him his head and kissed his mud-spattered neck passionately. "Good boy, Pinto, good boy."

Ahead there was a break in the trees where the trail turned sharply to the right just before taking up its precarious way across the barren face of the great cliff. Kenyon's figure appeared there for a moment, then was lost in the scrub oak beyond. It would be impossible for Nita

(Continued on page 38)



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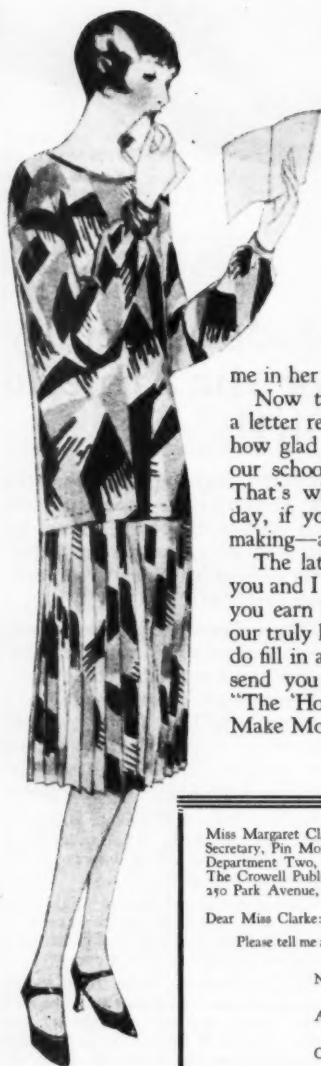
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The Rain God's Revenge

(Continued from page 37)

to reach the narrow trail before he did.

But she did not turn back. On the contrary she kept to the main trail, following the hog's back up on the over-mountain way to the cave. From below in the Box Canyon Jim Merriweather's upward gaze saw a man's figure silhouetted against the face of the cliff. And no sign of Nita. "She couldn't make it," he spoke aloud, "but she would be mad enough to follow him out there."

It was an interminable climb to Jim Merriweather. Resolutely he pushed on and finally reached a point where he could tether Pete and proceed on foot.

"I was just beginning to feel the cold sweat break out along my spine," Mr. Merriweather recounted that evening. "The trail was climbing up all the time, and fortunately I met no goats coming down, when suddenly I rounded a jagged turn, and there was Kenyon sitting on a rock, calling out to someone in a loud voice. And the trail ended right there in mid-air. Opposite was the cave entrance, about fifteen feet away. And in front of the cave stood Nita, busily hammering her freshly cut little pine stake into a cleft in the rock with the small hatchet."

"I knew all along that unless you were a goat you couldn't get to the cave by that trail," she explained afterwards. "The goats just jumped across. That's why those old Pueblos had rampant goats drawn all over the ruined city."

Kenyon hadn't known it. And when Nita had suddenly appeared, apparently from out of the sky, before the cave opposite, so near and yet so far, she found him staring enraged at the chasm which yawned before him.

So Nita staked the claim, just below the spot where the rock had broken off, disclosing a vein which was almost "pura bonanza." The diagonal strata of the mountain could be clearly seen; there were no "faults," and even if there had been, enough ore was in sight to make the claimant rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The cave, it was found, had been the original entrance to the mines of the Pueblos, but the mouth of the shaft had been choked by the debris of centuries.

"Here's where a few things besides superstitions and Rain Gods got busted along with the rock," twinkled Mr. Merriweather, "for at that the little fellow brought us good luck. A mine rolls a sample to our very door, seeing that Nita and I had been hunting all summer with the signs fairly under our noses," and he winked at Nita, who pretended to look fearfully disconsolate.

Down in a little village of crumbling mud houses hidden in the mountains, a toothless, wrinkled old man sat nodding his head in the sun, and smiling a smile of wisdom and satisfaction, as he fashioned a strange little figure with a jar between its knees.

Particularly fetching—May's "What-To-Make" page

The River Acres Riddle

(Continued from page 26)

be watching vigilantly in the dark?"

"Oh, well, I'll put down all the things I can remember right away, before I put out the light. And if I remember any more afterward, I can turn on the torch a minute or two so it can't be seen from the road. It'll all help to keep me awake, too."

"Rather good idea," admitted Mariette. "I believe I'll do the same. Get my list in shape before I go to bed and then think it over while I'm watching, later." They both sat down and wrote busily for a while, at the same time keeping a careful watch on the road and the infrequent cars that passed. Dick did not return, as they had half-hoped he might, after his stop at Abercrombie's, so at about eleven, Mariette decided to retire and get her sleep.

The broken rest the girls had been having for the past few nights was telling on them. Dorita had suffered all day from a severe headache, and Mariette had no sooner touched the pillow than she was soundly and deeply asleep. It seemed to her as if she had no more than closed her eyes when she felt herself being gently shaken by the shoulder and roused herself to realize that Dorita was bending over her.

"Oh, me!" she groaned. "Is it my turn so soon? I've hardly been asleep three minutes."

"You've been asleep three hours," whispered Dorita, "but that isn't why I waked you. There's something queer going on outside. I want you to come and listen to it!"

Broad awake now, Mariette leaped out of bed, huddled into her dressing-gown and slippers and pattered into Dorita's room.

"I won't turn on the torch," breathed Dorita. "I tried a new scheme tonight. I didn't turn it on once the whole time, because I thought maybe our flashing it around the way we did the other two nights may have scared someone off—made them think they were being watched. If they thought the coast was clear, they might venture back again and then—things might happen. So I sat here without moving, the whole three hours,—it's after two now,—and was getting pretty sleepy when just a while ago I heard some queer sounds. Listen!—"

They were both silent, straining their ears to catch what sounds had seemed strange to Dorita. As usual, the whip-poor-will was at his nightly task, calling as if life depended on the number of times he could utter that cry without a pause. Again it was a very dark night, though comparatively clear, and a late, gibbous moon had not yet risen. A light breeze rustled the cedars occasionally and the bark of a dog from some distant farm came to them at intervals.

"I don't hear a thing," whispered Mariette, "except that old whip-poor-will."

"Wait," answered Dorita. "I'm sure it'll come again."

"But what was it like?"

"Hush! there it is!" And this time Mariette heard it—a 'swish, swish, swish' as of something going through the water and once a soft 'plop.'

"That's been going on for the last twenty minutes," muttered Dorita. "There hasn't been any light and I can't see a thing, but it seems to me as if someone must be wading in the water down along by the shore."

"Some fisherman," ventured Mariette, "out late for eels or something, perhaps."

"That's perfect nonsense," countered Dorita. "You know it can't be a fisherman or he'd have a lantern. They always do. And they'd be out in the middle of the river, not tramping up and down along our beach. That sound keeps going up and down along the shore here and never gets any further."

"Maybe it's an animal then,—a dog."

"Not likely. The nearest dog is Sherman's and that's nearly half a mile away and we heard him barking just now up at his own place. No, you'll have to admit, Mariette—it's *something* else!"

"Tell you what,—let's wait till the sound comes this way again and then turn on the flashlight like we did the other night. Then we'll see!"

They waited till the 'swish, swish' of sound was approaching once more. And when it was as near as they figured it could get, Dorita turned the flashlight full on in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. And, immediately, there was silence.

But this time they were disappointed in what their light revealed, for, as chance would have it, a screen of half-grown trees and bushes happened to be directly in the path of the light. And the glare revealed only the leafy growth and nothing else. The bank of the river was entirely hidden.

"Turn it each way!" cried Mariette under her breath. "The thing may be the other side of those bushes." But turn and flash it as they might, nothing was revealed that should not rightfully be there on the river bank and finally they switched it off. Dead silence reigned after that and though they waited almost half an hour there was not a sound or a sight to disturb further the quiet watches of the night.

"Well, we've done it now!" sighed Mariette regretfully at last. "There was something or someone down there wading around in the river. I'd stake every thing I own on that. And we've frightened them away now, probably for good. Go to bed, Dorita. I'll watch the rest of the night."

"I don't care," said Dorita, crossly, annoyed that the affair should have seemed to be bungled. "It was the best thing to do, after all. If anyone were prowling around there, it's just as well that he should realize we're still on the job guarding the place and that he can't come snooping around here without being caught. Maybe he'll come again, anyway. You can't tell." And she

(Continued on page 41)



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The "Girl Scout Daughter" celebrates Mother's Day next month

The River Acres Riddle

(Continued from page 39)

tumbled into bed without further ado.

But the sounds did not come again that night. Mariette went to her own room at daylight thinking, "At least, we'll have something new to tell Dick today. I wonder if he's struck any more clues. Dear sakes! Did I ever suppose we'd be living in the middle of a real mystery! And we once thought nothing exciting would ever happen around here!"

As a rule, the two girls and Grandpa Allen drove to church Sunday mornings in the Ford. But this time the Ford was still out of commission, Dick having been too full of other things to bother with it and the girls too occupied even to tell him about it the night before. So Grandpa Allen remained at home and the two girls walked to the village to church, secretly hoping they'd see Dick somewhere about to hear some further news and to tell him theirs. But he was invisible and the girls shrewdly suspected that he had gone again to sit with the victim of the accident, as they beheld the three Abercrombies all in church as usual.

On the walk home, Mrs. Rohrbach joined them, as she always went back with them from church to prepare the dinner. She was rather huffed at having no car in which to go and received Dorita's explanation with a scornful sniff.

"If you'd be paying more attention to things that matter and less to the nonsense ye seem to be up to lately, everything'd go smoother," she commented bitterly. "The two of ye been acting like Sam Hill the last few days! I can't think what ails ye!"

The girls did not see fit to enlighten her on this point and they walked along for a while in silence. Presently however, she thawed out and began to regale them with the chit-chat of neighborhood gossip, of which she was always a noted purveyor. They were only moderately interested in a detailed account of Mrs. Jessup's youngest baby's colic and could arouse little enthusiasm over the fact that Sam Pritchard was about to open a new barber shop across the street from his uncle's old, original one,—the town standby.

"I tell you this town's pickin' up. More strangers come into it every day!" enthused Mrs. Rohrbach. "Look at that young feller over to Abercrombie's!"

"Strikes me he came into it in a rather painful manner," murmured Dorita, "and rather against his will."

"What's that?" said Mrs. Rohrbach. "Painful? Yes, I suppose so, but that ain't always the end of it. One person like that stayin' in a town often brings more. And they like it—and then they stay, too. Only this mornin' two likely young fellers stopped at my door 'n' got a drink of water 'n' asked if I knew where Abercrombie's was and did I know how that feller was that got hurt. Said they was friends o' his and was lookin' for him."

"You don't say!" exclaimed both girls, suddenly pricking up their ears. Here indeed, was a windfall of news and the most unlikely person they could have thought of was conveying it to them!

"Did you tell them—and did they go there?" cried Mariette. Mrs. Rohrbach eyed her suspiciously.

"Sure I told them. Why shouldn't I? And how do I know if they went there? They started off in that direction anyhow. Be queer if they didn't. But what fur are ye so interested in 'em?"

"Oh, I'm not—specially," replied Mariette with the best assumption of nonchalance she could muster. "Just asked out of curiosity."

Mrs. Rohrbach only said, "Humph!" and the rest of the walk was accomplished in silence. The girls longed to ask her some further questions but did not dare, as her skeptical unbelief in their disinterestedness was patent. But when they were home at last and alone, Dorita exclaimed:

"What's up now, do you suppose? Oh, weren't we geese to leave the house this morning! Goodness knows what may have happened while we were away!"

"Well, we had to go," Mariette comforted her. "Grandpa would be terribly grieved if we didn't go to church, even if he couldn't. As for anything happening around here, I don't think there was a chance of it. Grandpa wasn't working in his study today, of course, and he just told me he spent the whole time we were away, sitting on the veranda in the sun. He was in perfectly plain sight and evidently nothing happened or he would have said so."

Somewhat comforted, Dorita condescended to eat a hearty dinner, but she whispered to Mariette that she could hardly wait for Dick to appear, as she was sure he would, sometime during the afternoon.

"My! but we've got a few things to tell him!" she exulted. "And I'm crazy to know whether those two that Mrs. Rohrbach saw this morning really did go over to Abercrombie's. If they did, Dick must have seen them."

They helped Mrs. Rohrbach to finish washing the dishes and thankfully dismissed her at last for the remainder of the day. Grandpa Allen had retired to his room for his usual Sunday afternoon nap and in the quiet and outward repose of the occasion, the two girls paced excitedly up and down the veranda waiting for Dick, feeling anything but the Sabbath calm of that peaceful interval.

He came at last, racing the Ford over the bridge at a reckless pace that defied the warning to "Slow down to Eight Miles per Hour" in crossing that span. And the girls could see, even before he reached the yard, that he was very much upset.

They were not mistaken. He flung himself onto the veranda, puffing and mopping his forehead and suddenly exploded this bomb in their midst:

(Continued on page 42)

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The River Acres Riddle

(Continued from page 41)

"Doesn't this beat the cat's mittens? That fellow Leydorf's gone—disappeared—*lit out!*!"

How could an injured man, and one who was delirious, leave the farmhouse and take all signs with him? Dick has an explanation, and many exciting details and surmises which he discloses to the girls in our next month's installment.

So far in this story

"Nothing ever happens here on this farm with only Grandpa and Mrs. Rohrbach!" sighed Dorita, sixteen, to her sister, Mariette, seventeen.

It was a lonely old farm by the river—small wonder that the girls often longed for more excitement. Yet on the very day of Dorita's fresh rebellion, the two sisters see something mysterious upon a fence post by the road. Running to it, they discover a paper upon which strange letters are printed. A code!

3rd WT from B 10 f W DH

Small wonder that the girls become instantly excited. What does it mean? What can it mean? Then Dorita remembers another inexplicable incident of the night before. From a sound sleep, she had been awakened by lights shining from a car in the road and into her window. She had been too sleepy then to wonder why any car should stop by their remote farm at that time of night.

But now—Dorita and Mariette resolve not to sleep a wink the next night! Taking down the paper, they wait restlessly for darkness. And their vigil is rewarded by the appearance of a wavering light by the fence post and two men, with hats pulled down, dashing furtively into the bushes.

It is then that the girls' curiosity becomes a resolve. They, and they alone, will solve this mystery. If they mention it to their grandfather, he will be worried. If they tell Mrs. Rohrbach, she will pass it on to the entire village. And with the village prying about, what person with a secret will ever reveal the slightest clue?

Next day, exploring for clues, the girls hear that on the night the code message was left, a car was wrecked and a strange man taken delirious to Abercrombie's farm, two miles away. They link him in their puzzle as the man who pinned the paper to the fence post. And now that their problem has grown greater, they decide to admit to their secret Dick Haydon, a clever friend of theirs. Dick, too, is excited and goes to the scene of the smashup. There he discovers that the treads of the tires on the wrecked car are the same as those wheel tracks by the fence post! So the girls' surmise must be correct—the man in the wrecked car left the message. There is nothing for the girls to do, upon hearing of Dick's find, but to watch again. However, nothing happens. And in the morning they are somewhat disconsolate until Dick bursts in with the announcement that this time he has real news!

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All Out For Sports

(Continued from page 16)

baseball players, but they love to pitch and catch and run a base. Every spring they seem to love it more.

"Do you think high school athletics train a girl for college athletics?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly. It stands to reason that if a girl plays games in high school, she's more likely to make the team at college. Among our Freshmen, that's the first thing I notice—high school training."

So it really mattered. I looked out the window at a red maple, and pondered. How many, many high school girls would be happy to have that information! Evidently athletics began early.

"And after college, Liz?"

She pinched the rosette on her larkspur kimono. She was a Senior, in spite of the ravishing blue kimono, and would soon pass her job on to a new and as-yet-unselected Athletic President. By the down-angle of her head, I knew Liz would miss—perhaps excruciatingly—the hockey sticks and the wire baskets. But she managed to grin.

"I think an athlete is always an athlete," she said. "You can't kill a genuine love of exercise and clean outdoor air. Not in this sister, anyway. I'll miss the old field and the shining new equipment, and that swimming pool of ours. But I suppose I can always find a tennis court out in the cold, cold world, and a lake or

an ocean or a muddy river to swim in, and a wood to hike through. And if the old ache to gallop down a hockey field is too great, I suppose I'll take up golf. It's a good substitute." And she laughed.

But something in her laugh made me know that Liz Saunders was serious, that all things athletic were in her blood, ineradicable, that a good stiff game of basketball or hockey was her idea of absolute joy.

I loved her for it. And, through her, I loved all Southern girls who hie themselves to a Southern college and eagerly sign up for "sports."

But I didn't love them too much to notice that Liz was rapidly peeling off her larkspur kimono. My pencil, my scratch pad, and my foolish self rose up.

"I'm going," I assured the President of the Athletic Association, "before you put me out."

She jammed her foot through her knickers and jerked.

"Sorry," she sang out. "Sorry!"

Then, as I reached the door:

"Come back when I haven't thirty Freshmen stampeding on the hockey field, and I'll sing you a little song entitled—

'Hollins girls are sure anointed,
Doctors say they're double-jointed—!'"

And she burst into riotous song.

The Dud

(Continued from page 14)

For a moment Leila stared blankly. Then a queer, eager look flashed across her lovely face. "Can we?" she said.

"Oh, I think so," returned Binks easily. "It will be some bother, but I've put across much harder things in my time."

So Binks postponed the Sophomore-Senior Show, broadcasting the reason busily: "We simply can't get on without that little sophomore, Kate Clark—the cleverest thing at planning skits and dances." As soon as Kate was out of quarantine, Binks went to see her and took the Carter twins and Shirley Morton. Kate made good with everybody.

She even wheedled the head nurse into letting her have paper and pencil, so that, before she was able to leave the infirmary, two castes, picked as astutely as only Binks Anderson knew how, were at work on her two plays.

Binks dumped all the drudgery of the committee work on Leila, and Leila, with much help from a few of her devoted admirers, got it done.

"She's not so bad, your handsome cousin," Binks wrote to Sally Saunders. "Stop calling her a dud and come on up to the Senior-Soph Show."

So Sally, having just received an unexpected raise in salary, recklessly squandered the first installment on a week-end trip to Harding, where, over a hasty supper with Binks before the Show, she heard the whole story of Leila and Kate and Binks's plan.

"Um-mm," said Sally wisely. "I wonder! I do wonder!"

The Show was a brilliant success. When everything was over and Kate had twice been dragged forcibly before the curtain to bow her acknowledgment of the big audience's approval of her one-act play and of her dancing puppets, Binks, sitting back-stage on a pile of the puppets' discarded costumes, called Leila.

"Well," said Binks gaily, "I'm too tired to move, but we've done it! Cash-box contents exceed our highest hopes. And—this is strictly confidential, Leila—the Sigma Seniors are solid for having Kate elected among the first five."

"Really?" asked Leila evenly. She had done most of her share of scene-shifting by proxy and so was looking as fresh and finished and lovely as usual. "Really? You are wonderful, Binks—to make that out of Katie! I—I can't tell you how grateful I am. You see, I didn't want to hurt Kate's feelings and make talk, too, by asking her to change rooms—but having a prominent girl for roommate is just the one thing I needed to make my life here perfect. And you've given me that!"

Too tired and too astonished to argue, Binks watched her go. "Oh, you big dud!" she cried, shaking her small fist at the retreating figure.

Just then Sally Saunders slipped out from behind a toppling stage wall. "Well, is that so?" she said smilingly. "Well, Binks, you know I—wondered!"



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When writing to advertisers mention "The American Girl"

The Scampering Scarecrow

(Continued from page 19)

"If it should be all for nothing. If it should all go now, with the things we wanted so near. . ."

Wh-what was that! For the first time in her life Linda Barr heard the wracking dry sobs of a man dreadfully tortured. She started up, her whole world reeling.

Next morning she announced quietly at breakfast that she thought she'd go to work. It was Sunday. Discarding her loved overalls, she put on a clean dress and disappeared down the road to town.

"A good thing," said Sarah Barr approvingly, as she and her husband worked over the scarecrow. "It'll give her something to think about and steady her down. . . Now then, isn't he the life-like old codger?"

He was. In the middle of the ten-acre, in plain sight from the house but solitary and emphatic on the vacant hillside, Solon's ragged old ulster flapped gently in the morning breeze.

"It'll do," Solon commented. "Let's go in and work out those figures again. It's almost the first of June."

When Linda returned for dinner she told them she'd got a job in the store. Jim Hurlbutt, the proprietor, wanted time off to work in his garden a little.

Her father said nothing. His figuring had depressed him. But her mother smiled approval and encouragement.

"That's a handsome scarecrow," said Linda quietly, in her new and steady voice. "Fooled me, coming down the road. I thought it was Dad working on Sunday with the chills."

A week later came the first day of June. Linda trudged off with her lunch-box right after breakfast, whistling gaily over the hill on a short-cut she'd discovered to town. Solon hitched a pair to the big cultivator. He was working the lower piece, where beans were already eight inches high. His wife watched him from the doorway as he jangled out of the yard. He was cheerful this morning. Things were going well. "Guess Rafe was just trying to scare me," he'd said. "He'll let it go, and in a couple weeks I'll have some early peas ready. A hundred dollars'll keep him satisfied."

But in mid-afternoon the little woman looked up from her sewing by the kitchen window, and sat listening tensely. The cultivator was rattling faintly up the hill. It wasn't nearly time. Solon's face was oddly white. One foot dangled from the seat. Off the shoe red drops were trickling.

She ran out all a-tremble, helped him down. With one arm heavily on her shoulders he just managed to hobble to the back doorstep. "It's—nothing—much," he muttered stoutly.

She flew for things—a basin of water, scissors, clean rags. Very tenderly she drew off the sodden shoe and stocking.

The sharp knives of the machine, furrowing into the soil, had fouled on a rotten root. He had dismounted to clear

it, stooped at the horses' heels. Old Beth hadn't shied for years. . . But something startled her, and when she jumped one tooth caught him—there—just behind the ankle bone, before he could leap.

She had cleaned the jagged wound now, and was bandaging it deftly. Thank God it was no worse! Muscles torn, maybe. With rest it would heal quickly. The farm work could go for a few days. Still, he couldn't walk. What if—well, the day wasn't over! *What if—*

Abruptly and incredibly at that moment, Linda rocketed into the yard. "Dad! Mother!" she began wildly; but seeing them, stopped still.

"Your father's hurt himself," said Sarah, still busy at her work. There was a heavy silence. Linda was panting; she had run hard and far. Twice she made as if to speak, one hand tense at her throat. Finally, "Oh, Dad!" she broke out, "you better—"

Her mother flashed around. "Be quiet!—startling your poor father so! Run along and don't bother." She bent again over the injured foot.

Five minutes later the job was done. And just as Sarah Barr straightened, a squat little man in a dirty apron rolled around the corner of the house and brought up short at the steps. He came like a thunderbolt.

"Solon Barr," he sputtered accusingly, "where's that gal of yours? I leave her to tend store while I work my garden patch. What happens? Psst! She flies off. Cleared out. My store untended for land knows how long."

"Why—Linda!" Barr shouted. He started to rise, but his wife put a hand on his shoulder. "She's right here somewhere, Jim. Thought maybe you'd let her off early. Look in the barn. We'll soon see what's what!"

Hurlbutt galloped away. They heard him searching, calling frenziedly. Presently, mopping his fat face he returned. "You sure she came home?" he asked suspiciously.

"Sure? Why—" A thin blue vein jerked out on Solon's temple. Beside him his wife stood her ground, a little pale, her hand still gripping his shoulder. The three were silent as their eyes ranged the vacant hillside. "She couldn't have got into the house," said the woman dully. "Front door's locked, and we been blocking this one. She must have seen you coming. She knew she'd done wrong. She's so hasty. But it's not like Linda to run away. Besides, she had no time—" She stopped.

Out on the road, a faint hum swelled to a roar. A disreputable little automobile bounced into the yard and jerked to shocked silence. Two men got out.

The first was a tall, sallow person who glided forward like a shadow, pulling papers from his pocket. The other was solid and burly, yet somehow mellow—carrying, even on this lonely landscape, the sternly impersonal air of the law.

"Looking for somebody?" said the dark man sharply.

(Concluded on page 46)



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The Scampering Scarecrow

(Continued from page 45)

At sight of those two, the flush of anger had melted out of Barr's worn face. He went gray to the lips; he seemed to shrink in upon himself. "Our girl," he mumbled. "Howdy, Rafe; 'Day, Constable."

"Linda? Why, she's in Jim's store—or was half an hour ago. We were in there and seen her."

"She's been here since," said Sarah faintly, staring.

"Oh, well. She'll turn up, I'm here on business, Barr. I got to talk to you. You'll have to sign—"

Solon struggled to his feet. In a great stabbed voice he cried, "You'll give me time, Rafe Elder! I can't walk much right now. But you'll leave me hitch up and get over to Judge—"

The man called Elder swooped forward in his black coat. "Time!" he croaked harshly. "I've given you too much already! Do you think this mortgage'll run forever? The constable's here to back me. It's got to be now!"

"I want that gal!" the storekeeper was booming sternly. "She's got to answer to me for—"

"Wait! Hold up, all of you!" said Sarah Barr. A subtle change had come over the little woman on the doorstep. One moment she was staring pitifully at the intruders, desperately past them and out across the ten-acre cornfield; the next she had flashed erect, all smiles. "Folks! Folks!" Her soft laughter gently chided them. "What's the use of getting riled? Linda'll turn up. Everything'll smooth out. What's the fuss about? Here 'tis near supper time. I got a strawberry layer-cake in the house. Come in and have a cup of tea, and we'll talk things over friendly and sociable."

Solon glared. Rafe Elder's mouth opened. But the big constable grinned and started for the door. She gave them no chance for protest; demurely she herded the three inside. The back door shut on their voices.

Out on the hill there was a frantic little commotion in that cornfield. It was as if the sane and humdrum world had slipped askew. From stiff immobility the scarecrow in the ten-acre came monstrosity to life. With a jerk and a scamper it plucked itself clear, lifted its skirts, went hobbling, flapping, plunging up the long meadows straight toward a big weathered roof half-hidden in trees beyond the northwest wall. It gained the shadows.

About three minutes later the scarecrow reappeared. This time, however, it was not alone. This time it jogged panting at the heels of a massive figure, a sturdy old rascal with a cane, who came striding down the hillside uttering a very fierce "Ha!" at every third step.

"I—heard 'em in the store," the scarecrow gasped. "Dad's laid up and couldn't come himself. But I thought. . . Oh, Judge! You will, won't you?"

"Ha! Don't worry, sonny. You bet I will!"

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Let's Talk About Clothes

(Continued from page 27)

your clothes if they are bought right. If you've collected a costume, each part right, you'll hate to spoil it by adding something that's wrong. You won't, for instance, be tempted to put on a wide flowery hat with a plain sports dress. You won't wear wool stockings with satin slippers. Or carry a beaded bag with a tweed suit. For this will spoil the rightness of the costume you have been building.

Remember always that it's better to be underdressed than overdressed. If at any time you don't know which of two costumes to wear, choose the simpler.

Never wear out your old party frocks for everyday. If you need to get your money's worth out of them, rip, dye, fix over—but wear them out for best, as they were intended to be worn.

Always put on your clothes carefully, taking time and making sure that you are properly anchored, buttoned, hooked or snapped. Wrinkles can ruin the smartest lines. A word, too, on shoulder straps that come into view—and lingerie that slips up at the neck.

And finally, be very sure to keep your clothes in good condition—cleaned, pressed, and mended. It will help you to overcome one of the very biggest reasons for that "nothing to wear" feeling.

Coming—a girl who knew how to fight a fire—

The President Comes to Luncheon

(Continued from page 11)

should invite as many other presidents as possible! So we had our own President, Sarah Louise Arnold, and the President of the Boy Scouts, Mr. Storrow, both of whom live in Boston and had come all the way down especially for our party. Then we had Mr. Hoover because he is the President of the Better Homes Movement, which was responsible for getting the Little House built and then for giving it to us. Mrs. Hoover came with Mr. Hoover, as Chairman of our Executive Committee, and Mrs. Flather, who is Girl Scout Commissioner for Washington. Wasn't that a lovely party?

We were disappointed about one thing, though. We really wanted to have Mrs. Sherman, too, who is President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and who was equally responsible for giving us the Little House, but she was away traveling somewhere and could not get back in time.

Well, anyway, all of us out in the kitchen were simply dying of curiosity to peek through and see how the girls were receiving the guests. But of course this couldn't be done without being seen, too, so we valiantly withstood the temptation. Leona Baldwin of Vermont was with them, and when the automobile of the President and Mrs. Coolidge drove up at the other end of the little brick walk, Leona and two of the other girls went down to meet them. Most of the Girl Scouts in Washington had come out to cheer us all from the outside. They were lined up many deep all around the walk from the Little House to the sidewalk. It all made a very pretty picture.

The newspaper men and photographers in Washington heard about the party and were there in great numbers. They were to stay on one side of the lawn where they could see everything but would not interfere with our plans. They took some very good pictures, too. One man was awfully funny, because at the last minute, when there wasn't time to put him off or anything, he rushed around the corner of the house with a tall step-ladder which he put down right in front of the dining-room windows and climbed on it before anyone knew what he was doing. From there he got a fine snap of the President and Mrs. Coolidge coming up the walk. Here it is.

Lucille Weber brought the President into the living room and Margaret Strong brought in Mrs. Coolidge. The girls had thought they might possibly have to present the other guests to the President. But of course, since the President knew them all very well, he just began saying "How do you do?" to them right away.

But to go back behind scenes—as soon as we knew the President's automobile had arrived, Carolina Hobbs made ready to serve the clear soup she had made and which was all hot and steamy on the stove. Then we sent out word to Lily in the front hall to go in and tell Lucille and Margaret that dinner was served.

(Continued on next page)

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The President Comes to Luncheon

(Continued from page 47)

Lucille took out the President and had him sit at her right in the place of honor, and Margaret took out Mrs. Coolidge and had her sit on her right in the other place of honor. And the President of the Girl Scouts sat opposite President Coolidge and the President of the Boy Scouts sat opposite Mrs. Coolidge, and the others were in between. They all knew just where to go because Dorothy Stubbs had drawn the cutest place-cards for them.

We had the whole thing very well systematized, if I do say it that shouldn't! We had an exact schedule of just what everyone was to do and when she was to do it, which Miss Gleaves had let us type out on her typewriter. One of these schedules was pinned on the door between the kitchen, so that wherever we were we could turn and see just what was being done and who followed.

I wish I had room to tell you just what every girl did—what with serving saltines and passing celery and the delicious bread and squash and beets and potatoes and cranberry sauce and jelly—not to mention the turkey and the pumpkin pie—with everything cookable cooked by girls. Betty Brundage really is clever, for not only did she make dressing for the turkey and cook the bird as it were, but after Leona had carried it into the dining room and shown it to the President and the others, Betty carved it right there on the sideboard! Then Leona put the President's plate of turkey in front of him, and he said just what the newspapers said he did, "Well, that is certainly a Vermont turkey!"

When you come to remember all the girls who were busy getting up that luncheon, you probably can't understand why it wasn't all frightfully confused and crowded, but it really wasn't so at all.

And our party was over in forty minutes! We had been told that the President would like it very short, as he did not want to be away from his office more than an hour. So we had determined to do our part in forty-five minutes if all our guests would do theirs and not take too long enjoying their delicacies! So when we really did do it on time, we were perhaps the most thrilled over that as over anything.

We were frightfully pleased all the way through, but of course there was a little nervous tension with it until the end. When it had all gone right as far as we could see, there was a great feeling of relief with the pleasure, and it was really unqualified pleasure when word came to us that Mr. Coolidge had asked if the cooks and servers would not come into the living room a moment. We had had time, while we were taking turns sitting in the living room, to have a whispered rehearsal of how to thank Mrs. Coolidge for her lovely roses, and to make up a little verse to sing to the President and Mrs. Coolidge. That is all we expected to do! In fact, we did

When the first lady of the Girl Scouts was a girl—next month

not really expect that. We only knew from Mrs. Hoover that it *might* be possible. But you just can't imagine how happy we were when the President stood near the door when we went in and began shaking hands with us. Goodness! How often do you suppose the cooks come into the living room and shake hands with the honored guests, particularly if they are the President of the United States and anybody as wonderfully charming as Mrs. Coolidge is!

FROM THE EDITOR

THIS story of how girls cooked lunch for the President of the United States is especially interesting at this time of year when Better Homes Week will soon be here, April 25th to May 1st. As the writer of the article has told you, the Girl Scout Little House in Washington is ours because it was first planned and built by the Better Homes movement. This is one reason why we are always so interested in Better Homes Week.

But another reason is because girls had a very real place in the celebration of Better Homes Week, itself. All over the country, we have Girl Scout cabins and houses and troop rooms where girls act as hostesses at this time, giving exhibitions of many home-making arts. In many communities, demonstration homes are furnished, with girls acting as guides or even helping to select the furniture which is put in the exhibit.

Last year, in Santa Barbara, Cal., every afternoon during the week the Girl Scouts supervised the model playground at the demonstration home. They were also selected to plant the tree given by the Better Homes Committee for the Club House grounds. In Atlanta, Ga., the Girl Scouts assisted in demonstrating the house itself. In Birmingham, Ala., the Girl Scouts selected the furniture and arranged it in the girls' room of the demonstration house. In Waltham, Mass., a lovely old colonial farmhouse has been given to the Girl Scouts of the State for permanent home-making headquarters. During the last Better Homes Week, the house-warming took place with Dean Arnold, our President, present, as well as Mr. James J. Storrow, and Mr. James Ford, Executive Director of Better Homes in America.

When you are making plans for your own Better Homes Week, don't forget to write to Mr. James Ford, 1653 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C., saying you are a Girl Scout and asking him for suggestions. If you request it, he will be happy to send you a list of the Better Homes booklets, which will help you with your Home-making Badge work.

And I mustn't forget to tell you that the Judges have been hard at work upon the plans which many of you submitted for the furnishing of the girls' room in the Little House at Washington. The Judges say to tell you that their decision will be ready shortly for announcement in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The Camera Contest announcement will be ready shortly, too. What a month for contests!

H. F.



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I Plant My Own Garden

(Continued from page 22)

packages of flower seed from the school children.

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The yellow beans which appear in the record went to my aunt, who is especially fond of them, and to whom I had promised to sell every one after the first lot, which I simply had to taste myself. It was great fun to get some money in this way. I received enough, selling at the regular market price, to pay for all my seed, and had the rest of the vegetables and flowers to do with as I chose. It would have been a still better plan to keep a little notebook of the care I gave the garden every day, and of the hours spent on it.

The flowers, of course, proved a great source of pleasure. The double batchelor's buttons, nasturtiums, sweet peas, forget-me-nots and fairy lilies bloomed in such profusion that I had flowers for my room and the rest of the house for all the summer. Several of my neighbors who were sick during the summer were indeed glad of the opportunity to get some flowers for decorating and brightening their rooms.

Another event which made me feel glad that I had persisted in winning the badge, was a surprise gift from my father. He was the one who had challenged me to do it, and who thought that I never could or would finish and complete it.

There is also a great satisfaction in knowing that if you work hard and long enough, you will be sure to be rewarded. In the beginning, I just hated the thought of doing it, but nevertheless was bound I was going to carry it through and so I had the extra satisfaction in having done something that I never thought I could.

The garden of Frances Knapp, a Girl Scout in Medford, Mass., is typical of other gardens which are being planted by girls.

The Girl Scout Garden Club of Troop 1, Williamsburg, Pa., for example, prepared a most attractive exhibit of vegetables, while the Swarthmore Chautauqua was in town, and held it in the tent itself, where five hundred people gathered. The eighteen kinds of vegetables had all been grown and prepared for exhibition by the girls themselves, in a manner creditable for any country fair.

Girls who are making plans for their own gardens will find Uncle Sam a willing aid. A few of the bulletins which may be of help to anyone with a garden are listed below, and may be obtained free by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.:

No. 218, *School Garden*; No. 934, *Home Gardening in the South*; No. 1044, *The City Home Garden*; No. 289, *Beans*.



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The shutter clicks on the Camera contest—the winners in May

Cactus Kate

(Continued from page 21)

into the story of the young English officer captured by Afghans and doomed to die as the sun rose on the wild Afghan mountains.

"Light on the Laspur hills—" Peggy recited unthinkingly, then suddenly the words became alive. She seemed to hear Kate's rich, passionate voice repeating that verse, and all at once she had a vivid picture of the lonely figure sitting there waiting for death, dreaming only of home.

"Light on the Laspur hills—" Peggy repeated, thrilled almost to tears. Suddenly she was startled back to her surroundings by a wild yelp of pain. It must be Don, and he was in trouble!

The cries came from somewhere to the west of her, and Peggy plunged into the brush, calling Don as she went. There was no sign of him anywhere, but his yelping would die away to a whimper, then rise again as if he were in mortal agony. Peggy thought of rattlesnakes and shivered.

The very thought of rattlesnakes made her cringe at every crack of a twig, but she kept pluckily on in spite of her fear. Presently she came to a deep channel washed by winter rains, and there was Don, hanging by one foot down the steep hillside, his right leg caught in a trap. His yelps ceased as he caught sight of Peggy and he began to whimper an eager welcome.

"Poor Don, poor puppy!" she cried. "Keep still, I'm coming."

The trap was anchored by a heavy chain to a huge weight, so heavy that Peggy could not even move it. She pulled desperately at the chain, but it did not give. Don was struggling and snapping at the trap in his pain, and Peggy knew that it was a risk to get near him, but she must lift him up the slope or he would break his leg in his struggles. She slipped off her sweater, and coaxing Don into a moment's stillness, wrapped the sweater firmly about his head and mouth. Then she lifted his squirming body and dragged him up the bank and laid him down so that the weight on his leg was eased. Still keeping the sweater about his head she bent to examine the trap. It was of the sort used by cougar hunters, and Peggy saw that she would have a hard time prying it open.

"I'll have to find something to use as a wedge," she thought. "Keep still, Don. I'm not forsaking you, I'm only trying to help you."

Don had wriggled free of the sweater, but he lay quite still as if he understood at last what was required of him, only whimpering a little as he followed Peggy's movements with his beautiful brown eyes. The sun had gone down and the shadows were drawing swiftly down the arroyo, so that Peggy knew she must work fast if she were not to be caught by the darkness. She searched for a stick stout enough to act as a wedge, but could find none. At last she came

(Continued on page 52)

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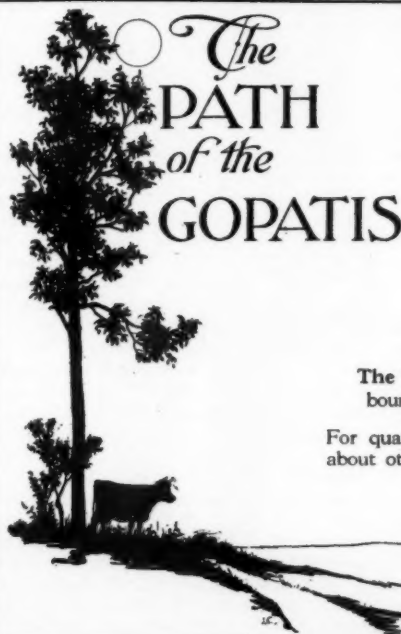
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Another story about Cactus Kate coming soon

Cactus Kate

(Continued from page 51)

upon a broken link of chain. The very thing! As she stooped to pick it up there was a ping and a hot pain shot through her heel and up her leg. Her first sickening fear was that she had stepped on a snake, but as she leaped instinctively she felt a drag on her heel, lost her balance and came down on her knees. She had stepped in another trap, hidden under the earth, and this trap too was attached to the iron chain.

Panic seized Peggy then. She screamed aloud, and her screams went echoing up the narrow arroyo. Don, realizing that some new disaster had overtaken them, raised his shrill yelp again. Peggy tore at the trap, tried in vain to loosen her shoe, but only succeeded in giving her heel so sharp a wrench that suddenly the world went black around her and for the first time in her life she fainted.

She came out of blackness filled with the sound of bells to hear someone calling her by name. Gradually her sight cleared, and by the flickering light of a lantern held just above her face she recognized Cactus Kate bending anxiously over her.

"My heel—trap," Peggy managed to mutter, and then another voice spoke from the shadows. "Great Scott, she's caught in one of the traps! Here, Di, hold the lantern while I spring the thing."

It was Dennis' voice speaking, and the next moment Peggy felt her ankle taken in a firm but gentle grasp. There was a single sickening throb of pain as the pressure was released, then Dennis' hand went out to help her to a sitting position. "I'm more sorry than I can say," he said. "I never dreamed anybody came along this arroyo."

Peggy's head was still reeling, and she could only manage an inarticulate murmur. Kate knelt to examine her foot, and Dennis began working to free Don. Don lay quite still, his eyes on his rescuer's face, and when he too had been released he hobbled about in an ecstasy of gratitude.

"How's the ankle?" asked Dennis.

"Just a bad bruise," said Kate. Peggy, revived, was feeling her foot tenderly. "It's all right, I'm sure," she said with a feeble attempt at a smile. "I was a goose to faint. But it was so horrible to feel oneself caught! Oh!" she shivered and added, "I can't think why anyone should set the cruel things."

There was a little pause and then Dennis said curtly, "I set them. The coyotes are eating all our chickens and we've got to do something."

"But how can you bear to think of even coyotes lying and suffering that way!" Peggy exclaimed earnestly. Dennis looked down at her, and for a moment she thought that he was going to be very angry. Then his gray eyes softened. "I'm afraid I didn't think about that," he said.

"Dennis isn't cruel," Kate put in, coming loyally to the defense of her brother. "We visit the traps two or three times a day so that if anything is caught, it isn't

left long. And after all, it is dreadful to hear the young chickens shrieking when the coyotes carry them away."

Something in her rich young voice made Peggy feel suddenly meek. "I know," she agreed. "And Don and I have only ourselves to blame. If we'd kept in the road we wouldn't have fallen into trouble. I think I can walk now, if you can give me your hand and help me up, Kate."

But when they helped her to her feet Peggy found that she could not put the wounded foot to the ground.

"Wait," said Dennis. "Di and I will put our hands together the way we used to do for fun, and we can carry you up the hill to the house."

"But I'm bothering you so," protested Peggy in dismay. She remembered how haughty and unfriendly Dennis had been the only other time she had visited the homestead. He had apparently forgotten that other time, for now he and Kate overrode her feeble protests, and presently she was sitting in the improvised chair, her hands on their strong young shoulders, and they were scrambling, agile and sure-footed as antelope, up the arroyo toward the top of the hill. They came out on the road by the boulder where Peggy had rested and there Dennis stumbled and nearly fell over an object in the road.

"It's a book!" he said in surprise, picking it up.

"Why," said Peggy laughing, "It's my book of poems I must have dropped when I heard Don yelping. I was coming up to see if you would help me with my rhetorical, Kate. I'd chosen that one Miss Garrison read to us, you know."

"I'd have been glad to help you," said the girl simply, and Peggy's heart gave a throb of exultation. She and Cactus Kate were going to be friends at last!

The Harwood cabin looked very pretty in the lamp light. The rough board floor was covered with some fine Navajo blankets and two or three well-tanned coyote skins. There were shelves of well worn books on either side the great hearth, and some colored hunting prints on the walls gave a dash of cheerful color to the room. Mrs. Harwood was sitting under the lamp, sewing and Mr. Harwood, lean and grave, was reading and smoking, his shabby tweeds looking somehow as if they were worn merely as a disguise.

"What on earth!" he exclaimed as his son and daughter stumbled in with their burden. He listened without comment to Dennis' brief explanation, and then the whole family went quickly to work to fetch bandages and witch-hazel and to make Peggy comfortable as fast as possible.

"Put Warrior in the dogcart and drive Miss Austin down," said Mr. Harwood when Peggy's foot was neatly bandaged. "I'm sorry indeed that we've been the cause of all this trouble to you, Miss Austin. We never dreamed that the traps would be visited except by coyotes."

"It's I that have put you all to trouble," said Peggy gratefully. "Father and mother will want to thank you too, but

I want you to know that I appreciate your goodness."

Peggy was never to forget that drive down the steep foothill road between Dennis and his sister. Dennis had little to say, but Kate's tongue was unloosed at last.

"Why won't you join the Manzanita Troop?" Peggy burst out suddenly. "You do out-of-door things so well, and we could all have such fun together."

To her disappointment Kate's old proud reserve swept over her. "I can't do that," was all she said. But she must have felt Peggy's hurt at her tone, for she added more gently, "I can't afford to do the things the rest of you do, and I don't wish to be under obligations to anyone."

Peggy was silent a moment. Then she wriggled forward. "Won't you please let me out here?" she said to Dennis.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "Certainly not! We're going to see you safe to your door."

"No," said Peggy stubbornly. "Americans can be proud too, and I don't like to be under obligations any more than you do. I don't know how I'm ever going to be even with you as it is—making you all so much trouble—"

"I don't understand," said Kate, bewildered, but Dennis burst into joyous laughter.

"Tough for you, as they say in fencing, Miss Peggy," he said. "Do you call it putting you under obligations, though, to catch you and your dog in those beastly traps and frighten you nearly to death? By the way," he added, and his tone sounded actually teasing, "we call my sister Di—short for Diana, you know. I hear you have another name for her."

"You—mean Kate," stammered Peggy. "Cactus Kate," Dennis amended mischievously. "Don't be frightened; Di has known it ever so long."

"But it wasn't because we wanted to be mean," Peggy tumbled out breathlessly. "It was horrid to call her that but, you see, every time I tried to be friends with her, she—just pricked me. I thought you didn't want me for a friend, Kate, so there!"

"I know," said Kate in her rich, even voice. "Denny and I have been awfully foolish. We were having a desperately hard time getting along when we first came here, and we thought it would be easier if we kept to ourselves and fought it out. We're coming to our senses now. I hope you'll forget how we've acted, Peggy."

"And be friends with us," said tall Dennis.

"If you'll call me Peggy, I will."

"Right! And I'm Dennis, and Di's Di."

"Unless I show my spines again," said Diana laughing softly. "Then you must call me Cactus Kate to bring me around."

They had reached the Austin ranch and Dennis whirled the pony skilfully around the corner. "Peggy and Dennis and Cactus Kate forever!" he exclaimed, with a laughing flourish of his whip.

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The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

Youthful Vanity

Jessie, aged eight, had been given a ring as a birthday present but, much to her disappointment, no one of the guests at dinner noticed it. Finally, unable to withstand their obtuseness or indifference, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I am so warm in my new ring!"

Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout"
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Misunderstood

LANDLADY (calling a man who wanted to get up at eight o'clock): Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!

BOARDER (sleepily): Did ya? Better call a doctor.

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GIRL: That's the kind of hairpins that some ladies wear!

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All in the Word

JUDGE, (to small darter): Can you row?

S. D.: No, sah, ah can't.

JUDGE: How can I cross the river?

S. D.: Ah'll take yo over.

JUDGE: Thought you couldn't row.

S. D.: Ah tho't yo meant ro—, like lions.



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| Camping Out | 5 | 6 |
| Camp & Field Book (Note) | 4 | 5 |
| First Aid Book | 3 | 4 |
| Handbook | 3 | 4 |
| Scout Law Poster | 1 | 2 |
| Axe | 5 | 6 |
| Blankets | 16 | 20 |
| Bugle | 12 | 15 |
| Toilet Kit | 6 | 8 |
| Canteen (aluminum) | 7 | 9 |
| Canteen (tin) | 3 | 4 |
| Compass (plain) | 3 | 4 |
| Compass (radiolite) | 4 | 5 |
| First Aid Kit (small) | 3 | 4 |
| First Aid Kit (large) | 7 | 9 |
| Flashlight (small) | 3 | 4 |
| Flashlight (large) | 4 | 5 |
| Handkerchief | 1 | 2 |
| Haversack (small) | 5 | 6 |
| Haversack (large) | 7 | 9 |
| Knife (Sheath) | 4 | 5 |
| Knife (large) | 4 | 5 |
| Knife (small) | 3 | 4 |
| Mess Kit | 9 | 11 |
| Poncho (small—45x72) | 9 | 11 |
| Poncho (large—60x80) | 12 | 15 |
| Ring (silver) | 4 | 5 |
| Ring (gold) | 10 | 13 |
| Sewing Kit | 1 | 2 |
| Stationery | 2 | 3 |
| Stockings | 2 | 3 |
| Wrist Watch | 3 | 4 |
| Wrist Watch | 11 | 14 |

Premiums which are listed for two-year subscriptions only cannot be given for one-year subscriptions. Nor can a two-year subscription be accepted in place of 2 one-year subscriptions.

Premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscription.

Premiums must be requested at the time the subscription order is sent.

Map Stamps

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE fact that a map of Ireland has been adopted as the design for certain values of the postage of the Irish Free State, reminds us that here we have one of the most popular and educational of all stamp designs—the philatelic map.

After all, a map is surely the most appropriate subject which could be used as the design of a postage stamp. It shows at a glance the territory of the issuing country, for which it is, consequently, a splendid advertisement.

As a matter of fact, these little stamps have sometimes shown more than they should have done! Take, for example, those issued by the Dominican Republic in 1900. As you will see, they have a map of the Island of Hayti, the eastern portion of which forms the Dominican Republic. On the stamp map, however, the territory of the latter is shown as including a large slice of the neighboring Republic of Hayti, a fact that so annoyed Hayti, that the stamps had to be withdrawn and the unsold stocks destroyed.

Of course, you all know the Canadian map stamp of 1898, which shows the whole world on Mercator's Projection, with the British Empire indicated in red. Unfortunately, through the difficulty of registering the red with the lavender or blue of the stamp, a great number of stamps showed part of the United States as belonging to the British Empire. England was placed where France should have been and the Cape of Good Hope was shown well out at sea.

A very interesting map of the United States figures on the ten-cent value of the Louisiana Purchase issue of 1904. This is a very ingenious little stamp, for on it the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers are traced out, in order to clearly show the great portion of land acquired by the "Purchase." If you want a handy miniature map of Mexico, you will find it on the forty centavos slate-grey stamp issued by Mexico in November, 1915.

The map stamps of Panama and the Canal Zone are particularly interesting, not only because of the designs, but also from a strictly philatelic point of view. They were issued mainly to draw the world's attention to the plans which were then being formed for the cutting of that canal which has made such a vast difference to transportation between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. The earliest of these stamps were issued by the Republic of Colombia.

In November, 1903, when the United States plans for an Isthmian Canal took definite shape, the people of Panama revolted against the Government of Colombia and, after a short and comparatively bloodless strife, established a republic of their own. This accounts for the many surcharged map stamps of 1903.

The first Canal Zone stamps appeared the following year, when an agreement was drawn up between the United States of America and the Republic of Panama, whereby the former leased a strip of territory parallel with the canal.

63 Left

We advertised packet No. 329 last month and only 63 are left. First come, first served—100 diff. stamps from 100 different countries only 75c. Also (new this month) Scott Seald Packet No. 334, 12 diff. Lebanon, 25c (get this country in your album); No. 335, 12 diff. Syria, 25c; F255, Dime Set, French Equatorial Africa, on Chad 1924, 5 stamps, .10; No. C106, Dime Set, 6 Cameroun 1925 (pictorial), .10; No. 1702 Ecuador, 1872-97, 40 stamps, \$1.25. (Set); Scott Seald Packets No. 8, 1000 all diff. \$1.25; No. 3, 2000 all diff. \$5.00, No. 22, Asia only, 100 diff. .60; No. 21, South America only, 100 diff. .60; No. 331, Paraguay, 25 diff. .50; No. 332, Azores, 40 diff. .50; No. 147, Austria, 300 diff. .50. Our free 80-page price list will be sent you on request. Prices hundreds of sets, dime sets, Scott Seald Packets, also our full line of albums, catalogues, tongs, hinges, watermark detectors, etc.

Please note our new address when writing.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co.

1 West 47th Street New York, N. Y.

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prowar) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mm. scale; small album; 2 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Extra premium this month only.

Nice pocket stock book, vol. 85c., with every order.

ANCHER STAMP CO.

148a Clerk Street Jersey City, N. J.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belurum (Satan with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and flying horses); Chilli (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing a self great packet will be sent. Pike's Peak Stamp Co., Box 213, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important: If you act right now we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

Tip-Top

Premium of 50 different, stunning stamps, fine stamp wallet, perforation gauge, mm. scale, ruler; good stamp from Kenya & Uganda (cannibal land!), Gold Coast, Persia—all for 6 cents to applicants for Tip-Top Approvals!

TIP-TOP STAMP CO.

Colorado Springs Colorado

The Pathfinder Album,

50 Stamps and 100 Hinges Free to all Girl Scouts. Send 10c to pay cost of postage and packing. Have you some stamps which you cannot classify? We will assist you.

C. H. Hollister Mukwonago, Wis.

THE world's prettiest stamps. Beautiful "Pictorials and Sets" on approval. Premiums. This month specials: 100 different U. S. \$1.00. White Russia complete set \$0.6.

J. M. PALMER

Box 190 Jackson, Miss.

GIRLS!

Have Your Own

PERSONAL STATIONERY

100 letterheads \$2 post paid

100 plain second sheets

100 envelopes

Sheets are BAS-RELIEF ENGRAVED in top center with name and address in 3 lines. Envelopes to match with name and address on flaps. Paper is high-grade 20-lb. Bond. Beautiful dark blue Gothic type. Send \$2 with name and address plainly written.

BLUE QUILL STATIONERY CO.,

42 Battery Street

Boston, Mass.

CAPTAINS: Your Troops can earn money easily soliciting orders for stationery. Write for liberal commission proposition.

Patronize our advertisers—they help us

Standard Price List Continued

Literature (Continued)

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Home Service Booklet, each | \$.10 |
| Per dozen | 1.00 |
| How to Start a Girl Scout Troop | |
| Pamphlet, each | .05 |
| Per hundred | 4.50 |
| Knots, Hitches and Splices | .55 |
| Life Saving Booklet | .15 |

Nature Program—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Series of four booklets (A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders in their Nature Work) | .20 |
| Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides | |
| Tenderfoot | .03 |
| First Class and Rambler | .05 |
| Second Class and Observer | .10 |
| Per set of 3 | .15 |

Nature Projects—

| | |
|---|------|
| Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover | 1.50 |
| Projects, each | .40 |
| Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower instruction sheet | .10 |
| Star Project | .20 |
| Ye Andrée Logge | .75 |

Pageant—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each | .50 |
| Patrol Register, each | .15 |
| Patrol System for Girl Guides | .25 |

Plays—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) | .15 |
| Each | |
| How St. John Came to Bencer's School | |
| A Pot of Red Geraniums | |
| Why the Rubbish? | |
| Everybody's Affair | |
| When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schrottky) | |
| Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie) | |
| Above six, each | .15 |
| Lots of ten or more, each | .10 |

Post Cards—

| | |
|---|------|
| Set of Six (Silhouette) | .10 |
| 1 dozen sets | 1.00 |
| Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken) | .15 |
| 1 dozen sets | 1.50 |
| Building | .05 |
| Washington Little House (Exterior) | .02 |
| Washington Little House (Doorway) | .02 |
| Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price) | .05 |
| Per hundred | 4.50 |
| Girl Scout's Promise | .05 |
| Per hundred | 4.50 |

Series of Law Cards

| | |
|---|--------|
| Per hundred | \$4.50 |
| "A Girl Scout is Cheerful" | |
| "A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted" | |
| "A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals" | |
| "A Girl Scout is Thrifty" | |
| Any of above, each | .03 |
| Per hundred | 2.50 |

Posters—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼ | .10 |
| Per dozen | 1.00 |
| Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke) | .15 |
| Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16 | .15 |
| Per hundred | 10.00 |
| Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11 | .10 |
| Per hundred | 8.00 |

Scout Laws

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| Size 14 x 19 | .30 |
| Size 9 x 11 | .10 |

| | |
|--|------|
| Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris) | 2.50 |
| Scout Mastership | 1.50 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|------|
| Short Stories for Girl Scouts | 2.00 |
|-------------------------------|------|

| | |
|----------------------------|------|
| Tree Marker (not engraved) | 8.00 |
|----------------------------|------|

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Troop Management Course | .75 |
|-------------------------|-----|

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Troop Register (Field Notebook Size) | 2.05 |
|--------------------------------------|------|

Additional Sheets

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Cash Record | |
| (15 sheets) | .25c. package |
| Per sheet (broken pkg.) | .3c. ea. |

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------|
| Treasurer's Monthly Record | |
| (30 sheets) | .25c. package |
| Per sheet (broken pkg.) | .2c. ea. |

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Treasurer's or Scribe's Record | |
| (15 sheets) | .25c. package |
| Per sheet (broken pkg.) | .3c. ea. |

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Individual Record | |
| (30 sheets) | .25c. package |
| Per sheet (broken pkg.) | .2c. ea. |

| | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Troop Advancement Record | |
| 3c. a sheet | |

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Troop Reports | |
| (30 sheets) | .25c. package |
| Per sheet (broken pkg.) | .2c. ea. |

Miscellaneous

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| Axe, with Sheath | \$1.85 |
| Belt Hooks, extra | .05 |
| Blankets—¾-pound camel's hair | 5.50 |
| 4-pound grey | 6.50 |
| Bugle | 5.00 |
| Braid—¼-inch wide, yard | .10 |
| Buttons—Per set | .25 |
| 10s—6 L to set—dozen sets | 2.75 |
| Camp Toilet Kit | 2.35 |
| Canteen, Aluminum | 2.75 |
| Canteen, Tin | 2.00 |
| Compass, Plain | 1.00 |
| Radiolite Dial | 1.50 |

Price

Cuts

| | |
|---|--------|
| Running Girl | \$1.00 |
| Trefoil | .75 |
| First Aid Kit with Pouch | 1.30 |
| Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra | .50 |
| First Aid Kit, No. 1 | 2.90 |
| Flashlights, Small size | 1.35 |
| Large size | 1.70 |
| Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem: | |
| Linen | .35 |
| Box of three | 1.00 |
| Cotton | .20 |
| Box of six | 1.00 |
| Haversacks, No. 1 | 3.00 |
| No. 2 | 2.00 |
| Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair | .25 |
| 1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide | .40 |
| Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide | .60 |
| Knives, No. 1 | 1.60 |
| No. 2 | 1.05 |
| Sheath Knife | 1.60 |
| Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces | 3.00 |
| Mirror—Unbreakable | .25 |

† Patterns—

| | |
|--|------|
| Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 | .15 |
| Norfolk Suit, 34-44 | .25 |
| Poncho (45x72) | 3.50 |
| Poncho (60x82) | 4.75 |
| Rings, Silver, 3 to 9 | 1.50 |
| 10K Gold, 3 to 9 | 4.00 |
| Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in. | .15 |
| Lots of 5 or more, each | .10 |
| Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt | .50 |
| Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard | 4.75 |
| Sewing Kit, Tin Case | .25 |
| Aluminum case | .50 |
| Girl Scout Stationery | .55 |
| Girl Scout Stickers—Each | .01 |
| Per dozen | .10 |
| Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 | .55 |
| Sun Watch | 1.00 |
| Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold) | .02 |
| 3 for | .05 |
| 12 for | .15 |
| 100 for | 1.00 |
| Thread, Khaki spool | .15 |
| Per dozen spools | 1.20 |

† Uniform Make-up Sets—

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Long Coat Uniform | .70 |
| 1 Long Coat Pattern | } Give pattern size |
| 1 Pair Lapels | |
| 1 Spool of Thread | |
| 1 Set of Buttons | |
| Two piece Uniform | .85 |
| 1 Short Coat Pattern | } Give pattern size |
| 1 Skirt Pattern | |
| 1 Pair Lapels | |
| 1 Spool of Thread | |
| 1 Set of Buttons | |
| No make-up sets for middies and bloomers | |
| Whistles | .20 |
| Wrist Watch, Radiolite | 4.50 |

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid



Our April Contents

Art and Poetry

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A Yellow Pansy
Helen Gray Cone 6
Decoration by Harry Gimino

Stories

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The Dud . . . Margaret Warde 12
Illustrations by Frank Spradling
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Kenneth Payson Kempton 17
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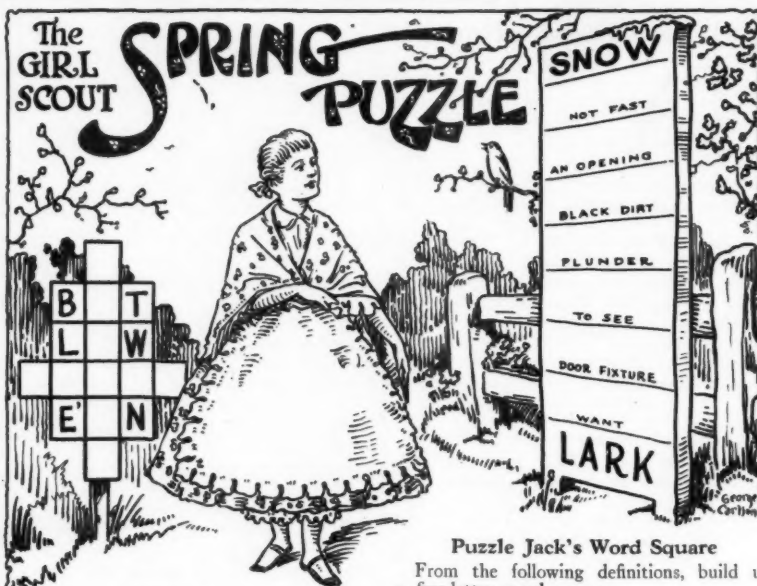
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OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Spring Puzzle

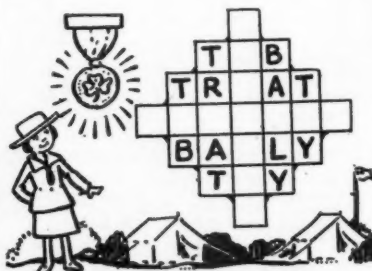
A pleasant day in springtime is a joy indeed. There is promise of good times in store for us. Girl Scouts are already planning their summer days of camps, sports and hiking. Even Puzzled Jill is meeting with timely spring puzzles as she strolls along the attractive country road.

From the time of snow to that of the lark is not so far as might be imagined, and Jill is about to figure it out on the board by the fence. By word jumping, or changing one letter in the word at a time we can turn SNOW into LARK in eight moves. In this puzzle we must do it in accordance with the definitions in the spaces.

To Jill's right we see what appears to be a small sized cross-word puzzle. This it really is and when we supply the two missing words, one reading down and the other reading across, both of which are popular spring flowers, the other letters will form true words in both directions.

Drop a Letter

1. Drop a letter from a word meaning a track through the woods and leave part of an animal.
2. Drop a letter from a plaited band and leave a small nail.
3. Drop a letter from a musical instrument and leave a small close room.
4. Drop a letter from a set of bars and leave an entrance.



A Word Diamond

Fill the blank spaces with the name of a spring flower so that the other letters will make true words reading both ways.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions, build up a five-letter word square:

- A festival.
- Terraqueous globe.
- A bower.
- Cooking apparatus.
- Two and one.

Hidden Girls' Names

A girl's name is concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. I well remember that wonderful place where we camped last summer.
2. If she says that it is final, I certainly will not ask her again.
3. That day the others hiked, I think they enjoyed it immensely.
4. The girls in the other troop had their camp-fire nearer the lake.
5. Last spring we planted nasturtiums by the fence in our garden.

A Spring Flower Charade

My first in hike, is not in walk.
My next in try, is not in balk.
My third's in camp and not in tent.
My fourth in scout, is not in lent.
My fifth's in spring and not in fall.
My sixth in tent, is not in wall.
My seventh's in troop, and also truth.
My eighth's in health, and also youth.
In spring my garden, trim and neat.
Without my whole is not complete.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

INTERNATIONAL PUZZLE: Antwerp, Berlin, London, Paris, Naples, Havana, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Madrid, Geneva, Oslo. Answer to rebus: Congo.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:
G I R L S
I D I O T
R I N S E R
L O S E R
S T E R N

CURTAILED WORD: Scream, cream, cram, ram, am.

A GIRL SCOUT REBUS: Bee-keeper.

A CHARADE: Donkey.

PUZZLE SUM: Bush + ark = shark + pier = pie + mast + ar = star = BURMA.

WORD JUMPING: Town, down, dawn, pawn, paws, pews, pets, pits, pity, city.

Want to help write a book?—Next month tells you how

FREE—Everything You'll Want at Camp

START NOW. HAVE IT BY SUMMER-TIME

WHEN you go to camp—what a shame if you don't have a flashlight to light your way back from campfire, or a compass for your gypsy trips, or a knife for those outdoor suppers and the fuzz sticks! But don't worry. You can have them all—free. **THE AMERICAN GIRL** offers you everything you want for camp, absolutely without expense to you. All you need do is to secure new subscriptions for **THE AMERICAN GIRL**, in your spare time, and your shining new camp equipment will be ready for your duffle!

Mess Kit

Official mess kit of heavy seamless aluminum is a complete eating and cooking outfit. Consists of fry pan with folding handle, covered cooking vessel, drinking cup, fork, spoon and stew pan, which can be used as plate and bowl too.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining nine new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or seven two-year subscriptions.



Flashlight

No camper or hiker can afford to be without a flashlight. This useful premium has a black vulcanized case with polished plated fittings. It is indispensable in your tent and at home. You must have one, too, for studying your star chart in your work for the star gazer's badge.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or three two-year subscriptions.



Girl Scout Knife

Knife with stag handle and blade of finest steel. Has screw-driver, bottle and can opener, punching blade, and ring for belt.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or three two-year subscriptions.

Compass

Find your way in the woods with this open face, watch type compass. Nickel finish luminous face, revolving dial. A high-grade instrument.

Given for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or three two-year subscriptions.



How Happy You Will Be To Have these

| | \$1.50 subs. | \$2.00 subs. |
|-----------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Coat Sweater . . . | 20 | 15 |
| Slip over sweater | 18 | 14 |
| Bugle | 12 | 9 |
| Canteen | 7 | 5 |
| Toilet Kit | 6 | 5 |
| First Aid Kit | 7 | 5 |
| Handkerchief . . . | 1 | .. |
| Haversack | 7 | 5 |
| Sheath Knife . . . | 4 | 3 |
| Sewing Kit | 1 | .. |
| Sun Watch | 3 | 2 |
| Wrist Watch | 11 | 8 |
| Song Book | 1 | .. |



Axe

Hand axe in leather sheath, with blade of finest tempered steel. Hickory handle. Light in weight. Easy to handle.

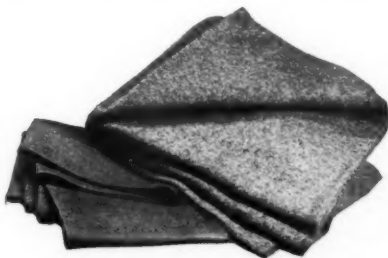
Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining five new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or four two-year subscriptions.



Blanket

This gray blanket is warm because it is all wool; it is durable because it is well made. It weighs four pounds.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining sixteen new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or twelve two-year subscriptions.



Poncho

This poncho of olive tan rubber on tan sheeting should be in the kit of every camper and hiker.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining twelve new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or nine two-year subscriptions.

Send in each subscription as you secure it.

Follow these Directions

We do not offer one and two-year subscriptions for the same premium. Send in all of one or all of the other for any premium you may choose. Before asking for the gift of your selection be sure that you have the right number. Under each article we give the correct number of one or two-year subscriptions required.

When you have secured a new subscriber for us, write down her name and address plainly, together with your own name and address and your choice of premium. Send it to us immediately, enclosing a check or money order in payment for the subscription. We can thus start our new reader's **AMERICAN GIRL** subscription at once, thereby avoiding complaints to you and us. We will credit the amount towards your premium.

You can get every piece of Girl Scout equipment you need **FREE**—See page 55

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Girl Scouts, Inc., 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

FULL
SIZE

REAL
VALUE

PAB RUBBERIZED CRETONNE APRONS

\$1⁰⁰
each postpaid



CAPTAINS!

We have a very attractive agents' proposition whereby your troops can make a real profit selling PAB Aprons. Write for full particulars.

WHEN helping mother with the household work—washing dishes, canning, cooking or cleaning—in the afternoon or evening when you serve refreshments at your home party—you will welcome this PAB rubberized Apron. Made of cretonne in daintily colored patterns. Wear your finest clothes beneath without fear of soiling. A damp cloth will clean it like new.

WE can best tell you of their goodness by quoting an unsolicited letter received from one of our multitude of satisfied users:

"I am enclosing my check for \$12.00 for which please send me one dozen of your rubberized PAB Aprons.

"I cannot resist telling you how pleased I am with them. They have saved me many a bill from the cleansers. This because I can put one of your aprons on before serving dinner, knowing that there is no danger of ruining my dress. With the ordinary household aprons, one is not safe from liquids or grease, as there is no rubber back to protect the under garment.

"So many of my friends have admired them that I have given the aprons away as bridge prizes and gifts."

(Name of writer on request)

WEAR them yourself. Mother would like some too. Splendid for parties as gifts and as presents to your friends on birthdays and other occasions.

PARAMOUNT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
120 High Street, Boston, Mass.

PARAMOUNT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Enclosed please find \$.....and send.....PAB RUBBERIZED CRETONNE
APRONS, postpaid, to

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

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